

UP AMONG THE PANDIES :

OR,

A YEAR'S SERVICE IN INDIA.

BY,

LIEUT. VIVIAN DERING MAJENDIE,
ROYAL ARTILLERY.

Legend Publications,
ALLAHABAD (INDIA).

UP AMONG THE PANDIES.

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F O R E W A R D

I have looked into the books mentioned below. They relate to the Mutiny of 1857 and were written by Englishmen who were present at that time in India. They were eye witnesses of the events which occurred during these catastrophic days. Their observations through a new light upon some of the aspects of the mutiny. The names of the books are :

1. Robert Henry Wallace Dunlop—Khakee Ressala
2. William Edwards—Personal adventures during the Indian Rebellion.
3. J. W. Sherer—Daily life during the Indian mutiny.
4. V. D. Majendie—Up among the Pandies.

The publisher have done a creditable job in trying to undertake the publication of these books. I have no doubt they will be useful to advanced students of history as well as the general readers. One of our research scholar, Sri Bhuvneshwar Singh Gahlot who has submitted his thesis for the D. Phil. degree has hunted up these books and brought them to light.

9, Bank Road,
Allahabad.

15th August, 1974.

(Sd.) ISHWARI PRASAD.

PREFACE

The greater part of the following narrative of my personal adventure in India was penned during my sojourn in that country, and the occupation served to pass away very pleasantly some weary hours in camp, when other amusements were impracticable, or unattainable.

When scorching in my tent before Luknow, and in Oude—in solitary dak bungalows; while traveling along the Grand Trunk Road—amid the romantic scenery of the Himalayas—or, in my little cabin on board ship, when rolling homewards across the Atlantic and Indian Oceans, these pages have been my companions. If they only do for my reader what they have done for me, and shorten a long hour or two which might otherwise hang heavy on his hands; or if they should serve to recal to such of my comrades as may take the trouble to read them some of the scenes mentioned herein, the fatigues or the pleasures of which we shared together,

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UP AMONG THE PANDIES.

CHAPTER I.

First tidings of the Mutiny—Preparations for stemming the Storm—"Eastward ho!"—The voyage out—The Cape—Ceylon—Madras.

ANY one who was in England during the summer of 1857 will recollect how, one morning, on taking up the newspaper, and looking carelessly through its closely printed sheets—scanning the leading articles, glancing at the play-bills, or getting muddled over the Money Market and City Intelligence—our eyes were arrested by the announcement of the mutiny of a native regiment in India. At first, in our ignorance of, perhaps inattention to, the affairs of that country, we put the paper down, munched our muffin unconcernedly, continued our breakfast, and thought but little of the matter. Another mail, another mutiny! Mail succeeded mail, and still the weary burden was the same, until we awoke with a start from our dream of fancied security, examined the map of Hindostan very attentively, and came to the dreadful conclusion that the native army of Bengal had risen *en masse*, and that India was in flames! From home to home, from town to village, the grievous tidings flew throughout the land. Newspapers teemed with

fidelity of those very men who, perchance, ere the ink was dry, had lopped off the hand that wrote it. It was hard to believe, and harder still to realize, the dreadful indignities and sufferings to which tender women and innocent children had been exposed. It was a dreary, dreary task that waiting for the next mail, in the fond expectation that it would point out some bright spot in this dark horizon. But no ! there was no pause, no respite ; thick as hail did the blows fall, and the eagerly looked-for next mail brought but a repetition and extension of those horrors, so frightful that in many cases the narrators dared not describe them—those cruelties and savage outrages which threw all past atrocities far back into the shade, and compared with which the hitherto unequalled "*noyades*" and "*mitrailleurs*" of the Reign of Terror, or the inhuman tortures practised by a Marat or a Robespierre, were as nothing ; till one rose from the perusal scared and terrified, and cried involuntarily, "Is not this all a dream ?" But it was no dream ; it was a stern and awful reality, a crisis to meet which England must brace every nerve, strain every energy, and put out the right arm of her strength ; her power was trembling in the balance, her Indian empire hung upon a thread, which one false move might sever. The occasion, indeed, was awful, but England was equal to it. Expeditiously were the measures for the defence of her Eastern empire commenced, steadily were those measures continued ; nor can one ever forget the sensation of relief with which one read day after day how regiment after regiment left her shores, and with what delight

was the old sensation of stifling and suffocation on entering one's small dark cabin, with a smell of paint, tar, horsehair cushions, ropes, wood, bottled beer, and bilge water; there was the old necessity for physical exertion to effect an entry into one's narrow berth; there was the old up-and-down, up-and-down business on getting out to sea, with the old result, that misanthropical tendency to lean silent and pensive over the vessel's side apart from one's fellow man; those sudden and surprising departures from the dinner-table; those guttural and mysterious noises issuing from the surrounding cabins, and all those numerous ills that flesh (at sea) is heir to. Let us then draw a veil, as novel-writers say, over this period of suffering and misery, and behold us, ere many days are over, emerging from our cabins radiant in the proud consciousness of having come into possession of our sea-legs, and of having passed through the ordeal, after paying the usual tribute of wretchedness and—ahem! et caetera—at Neptune's watery shrine. I will not detain you at St. Vincent (Cape Verde), that aridest and barrenest of isles, of which all that can be said is that it is hot, rocky, and uninteresting; nor is any very long description of the tropics necessary; we found them much the same as usual—hot, calm, and flying-fishy.

We saw several ships, and shot at porpoises, and ate, and drank, and slept a great deal, and examined the compass and the chart very attentively, and looked over the vessel's side at the glittering waves, and up aloft at the tapering masts, and yawned, and read books, and wrote

fanatics or the wily devices of traitors, the eyes of all Europe had been fixed with an earnest, anxious gaze, a gaze which was but withdrawn, from time to time, to glance hurriedly and nervously at the progress made by the advancing succours, which, we now had the pleasure of hearing, had at last reached them. Here, too, we heard of the fall of Delhi, so long hoped for and so long expected; and, in fact, affairs in India generally had apparently assumed so favourable a hue, that many of us thought, not without a pang, that we should be too late to have "a crack at the niggers" after all; and anxious to get on, impatient of delay, we were not sorry when we once more felt the heavy trembling motion of the revolving screw, and found ourselves steaming merrily away into the Indian Ocean. Again long days of sea and sky, and nothing more; again tossing up and down upon the wide open sea, the steady beat of the engines seeming, as it were, slowly to mark the weary time which lazily slipped by.

It was all very well for Mr. Dibdin to make songs about the sea and the freedom of a sailor's life, and the pleasures of a tar's existence, and for people in snug drawing-rooms to roar out "a life on the o-o-o-ocean wave!" and other such naval ditties, but, speaking from personal experience, I am compelled to state that these enthusiastic descriptions of the ocean, and this fanatical love of the sea, is but a pleasing fiction, encouraged by poets from the scope which it gives to their fancy, and indulged in by popular singers from the ditto afforded their voices by ballads of a nautical tendency. But just place one of these

Byron to sing sweet praises of thy charms, worthy the pencil of a Claude to immortalize on canvas thy fair and blooming landscapes !

Oh ! island *fait a peindre*, fain would I tell of the pleasant stroll which we enjoyed that warm summer evening beneath thy graceful cocoa-nut-trees, whose tall heads waved lightly to and fro, fanned by a gentle breeze ; fain would I tell how enraptured we were by thy beauties, and how we revelled in the luxuriance of thy charms ; of thy cottages, half-hidden behind budding banks, o'erhung by thick and fruitful foliage, of thy woodland walks and shady dells, &c. &c., until I speak with a grateful reminiscence of the delightfully Oriental sensation of sitting, for the first time, at dinner beneath the cooling influence of a punkah, of the epicurean pleasure we derived from that never-to-be-forgotten *bonne bouche* a prawn curry, and how, as we looked around and saw black servants waiting on us, Indian chairs with elongated and luxurious arms, provoking to a sweet after-dinner *dolce for niente*, and a general Indian indolence prevailing, we thought to ourselves, as we complacently reclined in the chairs aforesaid, puffing white wreaths of smoke from our delicate Manillas, and shipping our iced brandy-and-water, that now indeed did we feel purely and thoroughly Oriental, unconsciously striving the while to give an Eastern tone to our conversation, and talking of tiffin, and calling for more *brandy pawnee* with an air a rajah might have envied.

Hoist the blue-peter, weigh anchor, and once more away nine knots an hour through the blue waters, the land momentarily growing dimmer in

crews of the Mussoola boats talk all at once, waving their black, skinny arms, and gesticulating inclegantly with their dusky, naked forms, and quite realizing one's *beau ideal* of imps and others the inhabitants of "another place" (as they say in Parliament), to which, in point of heat, even India must yield the palm ; and a shudder involuntarily comes over one as you reflect that to the merciless cruelty and savage devices of fiends of this form and dye were our poor countrymen and women exposed ; and, perchance, the same idea flashed across the minds of the soldiers for they exhibited an unjust, though somewhat natural desire to throw every nigger as he came on board over the vessel's side, while a John Bullish longing on the part of muscular individuals to measure their strength and enter into a single combat, then and there, with a "round dozen of 'em" became apparent, and seemed, at one time, if not checked by the strong arm of discipline, to be on the point of being indulged.

the appearance of an archipelago, and more that of a river, we listen with gaping mouths to blood-chilling legends anent the deeds of rapacious and peckish tigers, who are wont—so runs the tale—to swim off from the shores, board ships and boats, and gobble up the unsuspecting and unhappy crews; and then horrible whispers are circulated about the “man who trims the lamp in the lighthouse” (what lamp or what lighthouse I do not know), and who was obliged “once upon a time”, as the old story-tellers say, to live in an iron cage to avoid the attacks of the rapacious tigers aforesaid, who—oh, horror!—grinned through the iron bars at him in ghastly derision as he sat within, possibly occupied in calculating nervously the strength of the various materials composing his little fortress; and there is something so indescribably unpleasant and awful in the idea of the relative positions of man and beast being thus reversed, added to a certain guilty consciousness of having, but shortly before leaving England, paid a visit to the Royal Zoological Gardens, and then and there having chuckled, exulted over, and taunted the Royal Bengal tiger as he lay in bondage and captivity, that our fevered imaginations originated wild fallacies of vision, and so distorted our powers of observation as to cause us to mistake trees and bushes on shore (diminished as they appeared by distance) for these dreaded beasts taking a constitutional previous to swimming off to obtain their wonted meal, or to imagine that large logs of wood floating down the stream represented the advance-guard of a large force of these terrible quadrupeds, who,

weather-beaten faces of the tarry, dirty, hard-working sailors, assume a more friendly aspect ; while you find that you have imperceptibly contracted friendships, the strength of which you were ignorant of until it comes to the time for dissolving them. That bluff old boatswain, too, becomes transformed into a "right good fellow," as you remember how for a hundred days he has borne with your landsman's infirmities, and how "many a time and oft" he has witnessed you ruthlessly disturbing those neatly rolled coils of rope, or cruelly sullyng the—would-be— unspotted whiteness of the deck, by carelessly dropping upon it the extremely dirty ashes of your pipe, or letting fall, and then treading into it, the caps of your rifle when improving your ball-practice, during some of those weary hundred days, by firing at sharks, cape-pigeons, boobies, or bottles, and you reflect, with a warm and grateful swelling of the heart, how to all these numerous injuries, though they cut him to the quick, he submitted without a murmur, except when an involuntary "Well, I *am* blowed," crawled unsolicited from the gruff depths of his broad chest ; the compass, too, which has so often been the object of your anxious inspection when storm-racks have been driving overhead, though it can tell you nothing *now*, still you must go and have one more look at it for old acquaintance sake ; while an observant passenger cannot but notice that about this time the stewards brighten up wonderfully, bustling about with the most unusual alacrity, almost knocking one another down in their unwonted eagerness to get you the liver-wing of the

middle ! one more round !—excitement momentarily becoming more tremendous, while the man in the moon looks down from his placid, silvery home upon this noisy scene with wonder and astonishment depicted in his usually unmeaning face, until at last a lusty “God save the Queen,” in which the “whole strength of the company” (as the play-bills have it) took part, almost shakes the old ship’s timbers, and—by Heavens ! they *do* shake (can it be with emotion ?) at those three deafening cheers in her honour which burst forth loud and clear, breaking the calm silence of the still night-air, and sending the affrighted jackals scampering with wild yells from their foul midnight meal on the rotting carcase of a Hindoo, which lies in the soft clammy mud of the neighbouring bank.

Our last night at sea ! a farewell to our sea home—*volia tout* ! I answer to any reader “with soul so deal” that he cannot enter into those feelings of mingled pleasure and regret, or who would not, on a similar occasion, have acted in a similar manner ; while if he should happen to think with the poet, that

An adieu should in utterance die

Or, if written, but faintly appear ;

Only heard through the burst of a sigh,

Only read through the blot of a tear,

I have only to remark that opinions differ, and to express my regret that his feelings should have been so far outraged by the above unseemly revelry.

The decks are cleared, the excitement has subsided, friends linger still with friends, and, in not a few instances, that “touch of nature which

gaudy heads in an endeavour to discover a means of escape to some more genial spot where their bright faces will no longer be shaded from the sun's buruished rays, nor their "sweetness wasted"—as it now is—"upon the desert air;" prickly pears, too, hug in a close embrace the scarce less prickly brier, and many another plant, whose name is unknown to me, grows in that closely-packed group of botanic marvels—plants with broad flat leaves, plants with long thin leaves, plants with short stumpy leaves, bearing now berries—now fruit—now flowers, and mixed up in prodigal and bewildered confusion, as though Nature wished to make up for the flatness of the scenery, and to give to the stranger, as he passes these thickly-clad banks, samples of all the various materials with which she has adorned this same country of Hindostan, and to acquaint him by this lavish display of her charms with the diversified and extensive nature of the wardrobe wherefrom she clothes alike the snow-capt mountains of the Himalaya and the burnt, wide-spreading plains of the ever-summery South.

Sly creeks which try hard to look like rivers, and wind about under this delusion in the most self-important manner, stroll away independently from the main course of the stream, but, apparently becoming alarmed at the idea of losing their way in that dark-wooded shore, stop short abruptly, after feebly swaggering a short distance, and remain shy and embarrassed, trying *not* to look like elongated duck-ponds, or vainly endeavouring to hide their shame and confusion by getting under the black shadow of friendly

rolling about in the hot-baked ground, as though making a desperate effort to amalgamate themselves with their original element, to which sooner or later we must all return, and which, as regards, colour, they so nearly resemble.

A diversion is here effected ; we run to the vessel's side to have a look at a few corpses which are floating leisurely down the stream, large, unclean birds calmly seated upon them, with out stretched wings, glutting their obscene maws, and disputing savagely with one another the pieces of flesh which they tear off the black carcase, the spirit of which has long since fled.

"Hullo ! 'ere's a stout un a-coming, Bill !" cries out an observant soldier to his comrade, as the huge carcase of a dead elephant floats towards us, saluting our olfactory nerves with *triple extrait* of the "essence of mortality," and looking more like an immense black India-rubber figure inflated to an unusual size, and quaintly distorted, than anything else I can think of.

More cocoa and palm trees on the banks ; more tangled jungle ; more mud villages ; more sly crecks ; more white spectral forms ; more naked children ; till the ever-twisting river discloses to our view scenery of a somewhat more civilized description : a house ! actually and literally a habitable house ! with a nice little garden, then a bit more jungle, then another house !—two !—three ! opening upon us in quick succession as we enter "Garden Reach," till the banks present one long vista of pretty villas, with their green verandahs, looking bright and pleasant in the warm sun, while the fast narrowing river enables us to dispense with glasses, as our eyes

CHAPTER III.

Arrival at Calcutta.—Letters from home—The “Chowringhee”—The City of Palacès.

SHIPS and boats of various sorts, shapes, and sizes, momentarily becoming more numerous, floated by us, and the cry of “Half speed !” “Quarter speed !” and the more frequent ejaculations, “Hard a port !” “Steady !” “Starboard !” informed us of the pleasing fact that we were fast approaching our journey’s end. As we round a point a froest of masts breaks upon us, and, as our good ship completes the curve hundreds upon hundreds of vessels become visible, and, at last, behold Calcutta !

At first a mass of magnificent buildings, half hidden, in the most tantalizing manner, by the shipping, then becoming more confused in its grandeur, and more bewildering in its stately beauty, as we go on—on—on, passing all sorts of vessels, from the little, long, low river steamers (formed by a number of narrow flats, fastened astern of one another, thus becoming, as it were, a pliable ship, peculiarly well adapted to the narrow, winding rivers they have to navigate), to the small craft, gun-boats, fishing boats, beautiful clipper ships, huge merchantmen, still larger transports; noble Peninsular and Oriental steamers, and stately men-of-war, which compose the vast and motley fleet ; still steaming on, at the lowest possible

you are elbowed to and fro in the most discourteous manner, and wherever you take up your position you find that somehow or another it materially interferes with the working of the ship; the pilot, too, *will* insist on hailing neighbouring vessels, his eloquence, though loudly told forth, assuming a muffled and slightly obscure character on issuing from the speaking-trumpet, as if all the words were having a good romp, and doing their best to smother another one another with bolsters. Nobody thinks of making the commonest remark except at the very top of his voice; the engine is whistling, puffing, and horsely shouting, in an attempt to attract the attention of other engines or its acquaintance, and the chaotic nature of the confusion is something beyond description. And what is all this? Simply our good ship getting into its place; *nearly* as great a fuss, reader, as a modern lady makes, in these crinoline days, about sitting down, or getting into *her* place, it is not?

“Stop her !” and the trembling beat of the screw ceases, the engine gives a great cry of relief, and for a few moments there is a strange stillness, as if the drum of your car had been broken by the accumulation of noises which assailed it, and in this brief instant of quiet you have time to collect your scattered thoughts sufficiently to realize the fact that you have arrived.

Arrived !—the desideratum is attained at last, and a sort of mental vacuum, consequent on the sudden achievement of that object which has riveted one’s attention and engrossed one’s

ing fondness of his mother's widowed heart, which tell of that love, so great that it would fain hide from her darling the lonely anguish which rends her inmost soul—fain hide her fears, her despondency, her heart-sinkings—fain avoid making *him* a sharer of her woe. Ah! vain deceit! ah! foolish, weeping mother! when that one little tear comes trickling down thy aged cheek, and, placing its soft seal upon the paper which lies below, unsays all that forced cheerfulness, unsays all that laboured joyousness, and remains a mute witness of the would-be hidden grief, till kissed from the page by a son's fond lips, and placed with a gentle, holy care in a son's warm heart, there to remain for ever. See here the smile which the huge, shaky pot-hooks of a little sister's first attempt at caligraphy call forth; see there the tear which the black-bordered envelope causes to flow—watch these, and you will see more of human nature, and learn more of human hearts, in this one passing moment, than in long years of study and observation amid the cold formalities of society, when so many a generous impulse is hidden behind that thick veil, the fabric of which is humbug, and the showy trimmings, embroideries, and fringes of which are woven with tawdry threads of fashion and etiquette.

Calcutta! How hard it is to remember all I thought, and all I saw when first I gazed upon thee—how difficult to dissect and analyze the confused and ambiguous mass of feelings which flashed upon me as I gazed, and to give in cold detail what are commonly called “my ideas upon the subject!”

Ask the man whose eyes ache with a recent

ten-row of Calcutta; and here, as evening approaches, the dusty, parched-up plain, which during the day has been the resort of a few heat-braving crows, a few gasping dogs, or some sun-proof Hindoos, now presents an appearance at once pretty, animated, and novel. Here rolls along the luxurious London-made landau, but a black Jehu sits perched on its lofty box, and on the little footboard, where erst the pride of London flunkeys displayed his noble calves, stands an Asiatic lacquey, with strikingly undeveloped legs; there the Calcutta exquisite tools his neat buggy through the gathering crowd; now the Oriental palanquin, with its four black and grunting bearers, passes swiftly by; now the equestrian complacently urges his prancing steed along—

While his off heel, insidiously applied,

Provokes the caper which he feigns to chide;

here the creaking, bullock-drawn hackery (something like a rickety double-post-and rail on wheels) wends its slow and painful way; there the chariot which bears the sleet and homage-loving rajah, with his jewelled turban, his turned-up slippers, and his fat and indolent form; and on every side such a variety of coaches, carriages, and vehicles, as at once to baffle and defy description.

Ever changing, too, are the hues which pervade this heterogeneous assemblage. The snow-white garments of the natives act as a fluttering foil to the gay rustling silks and many-coloured toilettes of England's charming daughters; the *seduisante* Parisian bonnet coquettishly flirts about among the more head-protecting turbans; here and there

all have their representatives among this motley mass, and all contribute their quota to this strange *bizarre* assemblage.

Nor are the gentler scenes of English life wanting, for a band is playing, and stirred by its swelling notes, beaux, bolder grown, whisper soft nothings into willing ears, "soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again," and, to complete the sketch, in Byron's own musical words—

All went merry as a marriage bell.

The setting sun is just shedding a thousand rays on the golden glittering points of a gilded and fantastical Hindoo temple or monument, just diffusing a mellowed light over the picture which this poor pen has feebly attempted to depict; so, before the fiery orb quite disappears behind that belt of palm trees in the red-blushing distance of the West, let us turn from this parti-coloured scene, this human rainbow, and view the fair and for extent of palace and buildings which compose Calcutta itself.

First, by its position, beauty, and size, stands the noble structure of Government House, while around it and beyond it, as though paying it homage, gather those hundreds of smaller buildings—the clubs, the residences of the rich merchants, the public offices, the palatial hotels, the magnificent shops, the extensive warehouses, the churches and the temples, which have earned for Calcutta the hackneyed, but well merited title "The City of Palaces." Far away does this prospect of architectural beauties extend—far away, till it dwindles imperceptibly into the dirty native town, where

the buildings, and to give that indefinable air of tristesse for which our own London is so justly celebrated : no curling wreaths of smoke to blacken freshly painted houses, and stain the unsullied purity of white glittering walls or bright green verandahs and venetians. And it is the absence of these dim and dulling vapours which gives to Calcutta something of the dazzling appearance of a town reflected in highly polished mirror, or in the clear surface of some unruffled lake, as the stranger views it through that sun-glint, which is ever dancing and sparkling before it. Such is Calcutta ; such did it appear to me when I first beheld it—a bright, fairy city, unlike any place I had ever seen before ; such, reader, will you probably find it when you honour it with your presence ; such, perchance, you may have already found it, oh ! Aglo-Bengalee, in years gone by, when you sojourned in the land !

mosquito-empoisoned flesh. As far as I could ascertain by inquiry and private interviews with my looking-glass, it appeared to me that I had four cheeks on the left side of my face and three on the right; two and a-half upper lips, five eyelids, one nose and three-quarters, and a large proportion of ears, particularly on the right side of my head. In fact, how I found room for all these additional organs, I am at a loss to discover; but there they were, rather in the way than otherwise, for my lips kept getting into my mouth, my eyelids were in a chronic state of wink, almost entirely obscuring my sight, the enlarged state of my ears materially interfered with brushing my hair; while, as for getting my hat on to my head—ha, ha!—why, it would have been suicide to think of it!

Nor was I the only sufferer. A dear friend came to breakfast with one side of his face apparently under the influence of Joe Miller, while the other side was dressed as though about to attend a funeral, if one might judge from the lugubrious and gloomy appearance that it presented. Even the soliders' and sailors' tough hides failed to protect them from these little buzzing, winged demons, and many a gallant warrior in her Britannic Majesty's pay bore unmistakeable signs that morning of having been among the "musquitties."

A ship is not a pleasant place while the process of disembarkation is going on. There is a creaking of blocks and tackle, a perpetual chorus of "Walk away with it, lads!" and "Lower 'and-somely!" and a chafing of ropes, and a great

both in manner and speech, who converse with you affably on any subject you may desire, answering all your questions with a playful urbanity, and oiling the wheels of conversation with a fluent lubricity, positively charming, and finally putting into your hands the creamiest of cream-laid notes, on perusing which you have the satisfaction of discovering that "Messrs. Varnish, Tact, and Co., having for many years been honoured with the agency, &c. &c. &c., of a very large number of officers belonging to her Majesty's and the Honourable East India Company's services, respectfully beg to solicit the favour," &c. &c. &c. Then there are friends, visitors, relations, and acquaintances, to whom, of course, you extend your hospitality, and invite down to the saloon to have something to eat and drink. to which they all respond with one stereotyped phrase "Well—I—d'you know—I—thank you—I think—ar—aw—I *should* like a glass of beer." And down you go, and very soon find out that they are not only good for a glass, but a bottle, to say nothing of a plate or two of sandwiches. Yes; all these people—all these sayings, doings, noises, and nuisances are inseparable from occasions of this sort; but this period of purgatory, like everything else, must have an end, and the moment arrives at last when, having seen the last round of ammunition, the last knapsack, the last gun carriage, and the last man stowed into a boat, you descend the companion-ladder, bid farewell to the ship, and steer towards the shore.

Oh, for the pen of a Boz! oh, for the pencil of a Leech! to describe as they deserve the humours

which I thought must be decisive ; but my *mille tonnerres* and most guttural *der Teufel* alike fell harmless and ineffectual upon my foes : till, in despair, I resorted to the usually infallible physical force. As well might I have attempted to empty the Hoogly with a teaspoon as to disperse this vilest and most tenacious of mobs.

What was to be done ? I tried to humour them ; with a sickly smile I examined the articles they had for sale. Good Heavens ! what should I, who had peg-top unmentionables of the most immaculate Bond-street and Conduit-street cuts, in the originating of which a hundred master minds had thrown a loose rein upon the necks of their imagination, and in the execution of which the edges of a thousand pairs of skilful shears had grown blunt and dull—who had coats which knew not a wrinkle, and waistcoats which clung to me like wax—what should I, I say, who possessed such garments as these, want with the inferior straight-cut, Calcutta-made, imitation “Sydenhams,” with which these harpies strove to tempt me ? The ghost of the great Stulz seemed to rise before me at the thought ; while shadowy shapes, with the faces of Poole and Sandilands, Morgan and Matheson, and many another immortal, seemed to group themselves around, with looks more of sorrow than of anger, as they bent their eyes upon me. Why, again, should I fritter away my money on paste jewellery, on bad cutlery, or worthless imitations of English goods ? What could I possibly do with a bottle purporting to contain Harvey’s Sauce, at that time in the morning ? Why, when I was carrying a pith helmet in my hand, should

herculean task of dispersing my enemies. How they disappeared before Puggree's fluent Hindostanee!—how they fled like chaff before his threatening gestures!—how all-powerful was Puggree, my ally and my friend.

Good Puggree!—best of menials!—dearest and most invaluable of men!—the recollection of thy signal services on this occasion, as I look back on them through the dim vista of time and space, almost effaces the bitterness of that fatal moment when I discovered—alas! too late, that in engaging thee, I had taken a viper to my bosom. Oh, Puggree! Puggree! I could have forgotten thee when thou toldest me that thou spakest English, though “Yes, sahib,” was all you knew—I could have forgiven thee that stupidity and ignorance of our language, which caused thee one evening after dinner, when coffee was on the table, and I sent thee for my pipe, to bring me a flannel shirt instead—I could have forgiven thee that love of money which prompted thee to charge me six rupees for a chillum-chee (or brass basin), when the retail price was three!—I could have borne the mysterious disappearance of those socks and handkerchiefs without taunting thee with speculation—I could have submitted with gentle patience, as became a griff, to the purloining from time to time of small sums of money from my purse, and stray coins from my table—I think—I think, Puggree, I could have borne all this; but oh! it was cruel of thee to forsake me, and to leave me when I was about to proceed up country; it was cruel, not to say dishonest, of thee to elope with

amusement in the shape of some score of dusky attendants, who, having been "entertained" (as hiring a servant is called in India) by grateful "John Company" for the service of our men, were bustling about with officious activity, grinning and greeting their future masters. It is at first difficult for the English soldier to realize that he, who has hitherto cooked his own dinner, drawn his own water, swept, cleaned, and garnished his own room, and performed each and every domestic duty, by himself and for himself, has now cooks, bheesties, mhaters, and other menials at his "nod and beck;" and it is charming to see the contempt with which Gunner Thomas Smith, large of limb, and colossal of mould, and just landed in India, elbows off half a dozen puny, gasping, grunting coolies, who are vainly endeavouring to shoulder a—to them—ponderous package, and with a "Be off with you, niggers!" trudges away unassisted with the bundle, to the astonishment and no small gratification of Messrs. Coolie and Co.; and there was much truth in the remark made by a certain gallant sergeant on one occasion to some fifty of this genus coolie, who, in the attempt to move a heavy piece of baggage from the boat to the shore, were grunting, yelling, jabbering, talking all at once, and making a wild noise, as is their wont. Impatiently surveying them for some time, the worthy sergeant could resist no longer, and at last addressed them with an unmistakeable Hibernian brogue: "Silence! silence there, boys! Don't have so much *tarlking* wid ye. Bedad! when a man opens his mouth, sure half his

the exigencies of the climate, and many another minor cause, be constantly in attendance on every English regiment; doubtless it is not only prudent but necessary to protect our friend Thomas Smith as much as possible from the fatal effects of the sun, unless you wish a week after his arrival in the country to accompany him with "arms reversed," and a band wailing forth the sad music of the "Dead March in Saul," to his last resting-place on earth; but it is not—it cannot be necessary or judicious to pamper him as though he were some indolent rajah, and to "wink at" his procuring natives to clean his boots or appointments, or to brush him for parade.

Possibly the large influx of English troops into this country during the last year will upset much of this ridiculous and injurious custom, this overgrown, though to a certain extent necessary, evil, as it already has done some others; for what old Indian would not have smiled if, in the year 1855, you had told him that in 1858 he would be sweltering in a tent throughout an Indian summer, or marching about Oude, and fighting battles in the "leafy month of June?" Who would not have sneered at, perchance pitied, the prophet of these events, with "Poor fellow!—head, you know, little touched. Mad as—yes—March-hare!" If we reform one thing, why not another? If we overturn one fallacy, why not two? And why, when we are cleansing and burnishing up anew our Eastern empire, should we not carefully remove every speck of rust which corrodes its bright surface,

CHAPTER V.

Town of Calcutta—Tour of inspection in a Palkee—Palkee bearers—A comparison between them and the genus “Cabby”—Burning ghat—Native bazar—Calcutta Post Office—The heavy, murmuring swell succeeding the great storm—Cast-aways saved from the wreck, and thrown up upon the high shore of human charity and sympathy—A few words about the Sepoys—Indian servants.

SUPPOSE we get into a palanquin, and in this very peculiar and Oriental conveyance enter the “City of Palaces,” and form an opinion of its interior. Away we go, our two palanquins abreast—jog, jog, jog,—grunt, grunt, grunt, from the bearers, across the Chowringhee; jog, jog, jog—and in a very few minutes, as the clowns say at Christmas, “Here we are!” It is hardly necessary to go twenty yards to discover that the City of Palaces is likewise a City of Incongruities, and it would be rather a nice question to decide as to whether it looks most like Belgravia, with a few palaces hired for the occasion, and dropped down into the middle of an inferior Irish village, while some inquisitive mosques and minarets have strolled up to assist at the ceremony, or whether Constantinople has not wandered by mistake to Wapping, picking up the principal faubourgs of Paris, together with the London Docks, *en route*. Stately houses are jostled in the most discourteous manner by insignificant little hovels, which look as much out

or never applied—spots where the pruning-knife of progress and civilization is sadly wanted.

There is an old story told of an Irishman who was playing cards, and on counting the pool, cried out, "Here's a shilling short ; who put it in ?" And on beholding Calcutta, and becoming alive to the fact of how much there is "short" in the way of modern improvements and refinement, one feels tempted to echo the remark of the son of Erin aforesaid, and cry with him, "Who put it in ?" or, to drop the somewhat obscure metaphor of Hibernian phraseology, to whom are these short-comings attributable—to want of energy on our parts, or to the remnant of the old leaven of native barbarism, which clings with such unconquerable tenacity, more or less, to all our Indian institutions, and which in many cases we have scarcely troubled ourselves to shake off ?

Faugh ! how crowded, dirty, any noisy are the streets of the native portion of the town, as one drives on a tour of inspection through the bazzars, while one's palanquin is beset by a host of panting, shouting vendors of all descriptions of commodities, from the delicately carved curiosities of China, to inferior editions of English books, and bad imitations of English sauces and pickles and it is no uncommon sight to have a box of French plums, or some other sweetmeat, offered for sale at one door of your palanquin, and a *Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary* at the other, and as all commercial transactions of this nature are carried on without stopping, or even slackening the rapid, jog, jog, jog of your palkee, a great facility is afforded the buyer, by keeping the seller, who is running alongside, in

the "sahibs" with impunity? Oh, the cunning of man! He hires his palanquin *by the day*, changing his badge and number also *diurnally*, and thus defies discovery, as is apparent to the astonished eyes of "sahib," when he drags No. 172 into court for being extortionate the day before yesterday, and finds, alas! that he is by no means the real Simon Pure. The case is dismissed; "sahib" looks foolish; while ex-No. 172, temporarily transformed into 384, is probably jogging and grunting away across the Chowringhee, and complacently contemplating "doing" the fat old "fare" who now occupies his palanquin in exactly the same manner. It is to be hoped that long ere these pages are printed, counter cunning, to meet the exigencies of the case, and tending utterly to confuse and put to shame palkee-bearer, will have been employed; but I tell the story as I heard it a short time ago, as I think the hint may perchance be of service to our "cabbies." By the way, is it not lucky that these bearers, in addition to their cunning, are not endowed with the "chaff" and impudence which form the stock-in-trade of every British cabman? When you reflect with a shudder on the altercations in which you have, doubtless, been often engaged with that rapacious class; with what a sarcastic smile "cabby" has regarded your tendered sixpence; with what minute interest he has examined it, as a curiosity with which he has hitherto been unacquainted; with what *naivete* he has held it up to the light, as though to observe whether or not it was transparent; with what painful incredulity he has bitten it, as though to test the purity of

are, and I have also heard it hinted that it would be more seemly if these harpies at home would follow the example of our feathered friends at the "Burning Ghat," in waiting until life is extinct before they scramble and peck at one another for the tempting morsels !

For the last half-hour our path has been through streets in all the benighted vandalism of the dark ages, among scenes painfully illustrative of the uncouth and untutored taste of the East ; through squalid narrow slums, in which civilization has stagnated ; past low ill-built houses, reeking with impurities, and fevers, and vile stenches ; while, buying, selling, coming and going and passing to and fro, pours along the dark stream of noisy, bustling humanity, which floods to overflowing these living sewers. Here and there does some tawdry, gaudily-painted mosque dazzle the unaccustomed eye, but it is like the flash of lightning, which renders yet more palpable the darkness of the night—a bright, brief flicker, which is straightway passed. High above all this rises the jargon of tongues, many, confused, and loud ; and if the reader can picture all this to himself, he will form a tolerably correct idea of the native portion of Calcutta. But see ! a little further on, and as our palanquin turns a corner, the beautiful buildings in the neighbourhood of Government House, with the vast proportions and high dome of that palace itself, break upon our view ; the Chowringhee, gay and glittering as ever, spreads out before us, and we are once more sunning ourselves in the bright noon-tide of civilization and refinement. The change

idia, the execution of which puts me in possession of—as I said before—fully a fourth part of the letters that I ought to receive; and therefore do I respect the Calcutta Post Office, and think it a grand and noble institution, a *little* apathetic and mouldy it may be, and perchance a “wee bit” tardy and irregular in its proceedings, but a grand and noble institution nevertheless, and well worthy of England or of India.*

At the time I landed in Calcutta (December, 1857), though all immediate panic as to the outbreak of the mutiny in that city had subsided, and the good folk had left on sleeping in the fort and other available strongholds, there were still ample signs of its existence. The native sentries (belonging to disarmed regiments) were entrusted only with that formidable and murderous weapon a ramrod, which they made faint efforts to shoulder, after the manner of a musket, when saluting an officer, thereby presenting an appearance savouring more strongly of the ridiculous than the sublime. Occasionally little excitements were got up by some highly imaginative gentlement fixing in their respective minds’ eyes a certain day as the one on which the natives were to rise in deadly hostility, and expressing their melancholy convictions of this fact to the public at large, and the government in particular, thereby giving some

* To the English gentleman in Yorkshire or Northumberland, who at that distance from the metropolis sits down to a perusal of the *Times* the same day that it is published, it will appear almost incredible that a letter I wrote from Allahabad to Futtehghur (not more than two hundred miles) was over sixty days in reaching its destination, having, I believe, visited *en route* Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay.

to leaving the land in which they had borne and lost so much, and returning to seek for peace and repose among the calm scenes and pleasant homesteads of old England.

During a conversation which I had with a person soon after landing, in the course of which I naturally recurred to the all-absorbing topic—the mutiny—I unwittingly touched a tender chord, for he sighed when I mentioned the subject, and said, solemnly, “Ah, sir, I have been a sad sufferer by it;”—he had lost *his wife and thirteen near relations* during the bloody scenes which had so convulsed India! Many a tale of torture and cruelty did he tell me; in some of the instances being himself personally acquainted with, or related to, the victims—tales of butcheries and the pouring out like water of innocent blood—of insults to ladies too horrible to mention—of repulsive indignities too dreadful to conceive, equalling, if not exceeding, in the atrocity of their details any of those accounts which had chilled the blood of newspaper readers at home—but I firmly believed at the time, and I firmly believe now, what this man told me; he was a person holding a most respectable and responsible office under government, and I have never seen any occasion for discrediting his statements. Why is it that by some these tales of suffering and torture are now disbelieved? Have we, since they were first published, seen anything in the Sepoy character—any unusual gentleness—any tender forbearance—any great humanity, which may justify this disbelief? If so, on what occasion? Surely not in the loath-

these words were in your mouths when you give the lie to your poor suffering countrymen, when you discredit their tale, for the sake of a wild infatuation—for such it must be called—which prompts you to doubt that the hell-hounds who have filled *seventy two pages* (of an official report) with the names of their victims, murdered deliberately and wantonly, are not capable of any atrocity which the minds of men or fiends can devise.

I do not wish by the above remarks to intimate my belief in the *whole* of the stories which appeared from time to time in the public prints, many of them being, doubtless, gross fabrications, written to satisfy a morbid craving for horrors, to which we are all somewhat prone—or for the purpose of indulging the writer's powers of romancing to the utmost; but I do most thoroughly believe, painful as is the thought, that tortures of the most revolting description were committed, and that scenes occurred the grossness of which far exceeded anything that appeared in the columns of the press, and that if all the instances were detailed, some of the stories conceived by the most lively minds would be thrown far back into the shade, and we should find another verification of the old saying, "Truth is stranger than fiction."

There are few things more striking to a person just landed in India than the extraordinary and unbounded confidence which English people appear to have in their native servants, who, to use an unclassical expression, walk, "quite promiscuous like," in and out of one's room all day—noise-

will be, 'What should I know? Sahib keeps his own keys, how can I then guard his money?' So, acting upon this advice, griff resigns his keys with a half-sigh and a feeling of regret, which, however, soon die away as he becomes daily more Indianized in his ways of thinking and acting.

No. Boots? Certainly not. Towels? how can you do without them? So finally in despair, you repack the portmanteau, having reduced its weight by, perhaps, one shirt, two pairs of socks, and maybe a boot. Now for shutting it: a healthy, athletic, nail-breaking, finger-pinching amusement, which occupies you for some time, and when flushed, breathless, and with dishevelled locks you accomplish it, you probably discover, carefully placed on a side-table ready for packing, your pocket handkerchiefs, tooth brushes, and half a dozen articles equally indispensable. Gracious goodness! and must these go into a space scarcely—Well, well, there is no help for it, and somehow or another, when the day arrives, you find yourself at the Armenian Ghat, casting a sickly smile on exactly four times the quantity of baggage that you are entitled to, and the iron of despair enters your soul as you, from time to time, bethink yourself of some important articles that you have left behind, and which you cannot possibly do without—trousers, *par exemple*. But what are you woes to those of Gunner Patrick Murphy, who comes up to you to report that he has lost his knapsack?—Hrs KNAPSACK! Oh, ye gods, have pity on this Patrick Murphy, for every stitch of clothing that he possesses (except that in which his burly frame is at this moment clad), the knife and fork wherewith he eats his dinner, the brushes wherewith he cleans his boots, his pipeclay, on which rests his military reputation, may, even the tress of hair which he sheared at parting from the head of his well-loved Biddy, all these does his well-filled knap-

Wolverton, Paddington, and Euston-square would say, if they were forced to enter a dirty little place and pay innumerable rupees for sandwiches, which, judging from their appearance, would be likely to meet with a favourable reception from no one except, perhaps, the members of an antiquarian society, as being curiosities in their line of business—I wonder, in fact, what our good friends at home would say if Howrah, with its cheerless appearance—the absence of all that bustle, hurry and scurry, which, with our English notions, we consider as inseparable from a railway station—with its semi-European character, with its snorting locomotives, typical of civilization and science on one hand, and the black, naked natives, impersonation of barbarism, on the other, were to open business in London one fine morning! Probably as I did, they would take their seats in the train slightly bewildered, and with a dreamy, nightmare-ish sort of feeling coming over them; a whistle—no mistake about that—you wake from your reverie to find yourself spinning some twenty five or thirty miles an hour over a dead level country, which as far as the eye can reach, scarcely appears to rise or fall an inch—flat, flat, flat for miles, and miles, and miles, but rich with vegetation; on you go, getting such a jolting as few people who have not travelled out of England have experienced; dazzled with heat and glare, blinded and choked with dust, suffering in the region of your digestive organs from the effects of the superannuated sandwiches, and rousing yourself ever and anon to look out of the window, when you find the scene so unchanged

roll along—rice-fields, hovels, palm-trees, and wastes of sand—palm-trees, hovels, and rice-fields, with a one-two-three-four precision, which, combined with bottled beer consumed at Burdwan, at last has a narcotic effect, your doze being somewhat disturbed by a mosquito, who has taken a first-class ticket to Raneegunge, and by the feeble efforts of one of your comrades to manufacture a joke or riddle at the expense of the *black guard* attached to the train, but which, when he delivers himself of it, after much labour, proves singularly unsuccessful, and with an irritable “Pshaw !” you turn to the window again, hotter, dustier, more uncomfortable than ever, and wondering with savage impatience what the dence those bullocks can mean by eating dust, for there appears to be little else upon that parched plain, where a dozen of them are placidly grazing. As we approach Raneegunge some hills become visible, and our spirits pluck up a bit accordingly ; and by the time the break is put on, and its peculiar odour—which, by the way, is agreeable, as reminding you of England—becomes apparent, our temper has improved considerably, while we almost become amiable as the train draws up alongside the platform.

Raneegunge (about one hundred and twenty miles distant from Calcutta) is the farthest point to which the East Indian Railway is at present carried in Bengal Proper—the point at which one of the rays from the magic-lantern of science, now so fast dispersing the darkness of the East, ceases, and is, as it were, lost in the surrounding night ; it is the point where the traveller, pro-

received additional effect and was enhanced tenfold by large quantities of elephants, some of whom were tranquilly enjoying a bathe in certain shady pools, while other were lazily strolling towards the encampment, where a number of their huge companions were picketed, jingling the strong iron chains which fastened them to posts, as they consumed the ample piles of branches, and sugar-cane, and long gross placed before them by their respective *mahouts*, flapping their immense ears, or occasionally taking the bough of a tree in their trunks wherewith to drive away the flies and other buzzing insects

CHAPTER VII.

Journey by "Bullock-train"—The Fashion of it—A Night in a Cart—Grand Trunk Road—Moving Accidents.

AND now, kind reader, I think it not only charitable, but necessary, before enticing you into a bullock-waggon, to explain in a few words the nature of this mode of travelling, and the vehicle employed, in order that you may be, in some sort, prepared for the amount of suffering to which you will be subjected if you think fit to accompany me, or for the harrowing details which it will be my painful duty to play before you.

A bullock-waggon, then, is a very strong wooden cart, on two wheels, without the faintest attempt at springs, and with a fragile roof, made of thin staves of wood, covered with painted canvas, the curtains of which may be let down or rolled up at will; the body of the cart is about seven feet by five, and with sides about one foot and a half high, the whole of this primitive conveyance being drawn by two bullocks and driven by a native, and travelling at the brisk average pace of from two to two and a half miles per hour! Into each cart six soliders, with their goods and chattels, are deposited, two out of this six being constantly "on guard," and marching alongside the train, for the double purpose of affording protection in case of an attack, and of creating a mathematical possibility—very far removed, though, from a prac-

in line at Raneegunge, awaiting the arrival of the gallant body of men whom they are about to convey to "death or glory," with a funereal sluggishness of pace, which, though unsuited to so stirring an occasion, had nevertheless a somewhat ominous and prophetic character; the knapsacks and baggage are already placed in the carts; the bullocks are wriggling their necks in the thraldom of the yoke, after the manner of a young "swell" whose department is affected by a too tight shirt-collar: all is prepared. Turn, then, thy admiring eyes, oh! spectator, and observe us stepping proudly towards our carts, our eyes wildly flashing, our hearts beating high as pardonable emotions and thoughts of "deeds of high enterprise," swelling exultingly within us, test rather severely the strength of the buttons which fasten our tight regimentals, and the nature of the sewing in the seams of our martial, short-tailed tunics; observe us with light elastic step approach the line of vehicles; observe, if you will, a slight hanging back, a temporary hesitation, when the time comes, for effecting a lodgment on the vehicles in question, but prithee attribute it not to moral, but to physical causes, such as the absence of steps—the inaccessible nature of the carts, and their other unprecedented peculiarities of construction—to which alone it is ascribable: observe us, at last, after some difficulty and shin-barking, stowed away, "bag and baggage," the party on guard (consisting, as I have before intimated, of a third of our whole number) distributed with an eye to defensive operations, if necessary, and the word being given, behold! we are off.

it was a pair of bullocks in a perfect paroxysm of stubborn insubordination, undergoing with much philosophy and indifference the operation of having their tails twisted nearly out of their sockets by an infuriated "nigger," as an incentive to locomotion ; and I never shall forget the sinking, sickening feeling which came over me when "hope deferred" *sine die* began to ripen into an awful conviction of the horrible fact, that this sort of misery, this battling with bullocks, these heart-rending delays and stoppages, must be borne to the "end of the chapter."

And then the jolting and the dust The only way in which it may be realized at home is to go to the Arsenal at Woolwich, there borrow a wheelbarrow, and obtain the sanction of the authorities to drive therein over the surface of an incomplete pile of 24-pounder shot, while some obliging friend filling a fine sieve with sand and dust gently sprinkles it over you as you go along. It is not that the road is rough and bad that one enjoys this jolting—this is the most provoking part of it—for the Grand Trunk Road is as free from inequalities, and in as good order, if not better, than most of the highways in England ; and yet, as one drives over it in a bullock-cart, one is tempted to utter an anathema upon its unoffending surface—an anathema which justice requires to be directed against the diabolical construction of the carts in which one travels.

Of course one is much too uncomfortable, for the first day's journey at least, to think about the scenery—and so you sit in a sort of dust-clad lethargy, the few remarks you make coming forth with a

pipes withal, send a shower of fiery sparks up into the dark night towards the starless heavens, the momentary glare luridly illuminating carts, and bullocks, and groups of men, and palm and other trees, and low mud hovels, but failing to penetrate the dense ebony frame of nocturnal gloom which adds so grandly to the general effect of the picture. The bullocks, however, are yoked in at last, the stray ones captured, the refractory ones subdued, and you return to your cart, and away goes the long line of carriages once more, with a heavy rumble into the darkness—on through this wild country, on towards scenes wilder still, on past dense jungle and dark wood, on through quiet, half-deserted villages, on over vast plains, across which the wind whistles drearily, no sound save that made by the carriages and the creaking of their wheels, or occasionally the voice of a sleepy, half-frozen bullock-driver stimulating his team to greater exertions, or the shout of a soldier rousing the bullock-driver to greater wakefulness, or here and there the yells of a pack of jackals, who have evidently made up their minds not to go home till morning—the only signs of life in all this loneliness being those visible in the drowsy native police at the various station along the road—and a yawning, eye-rubbing sort of life it is, too, less suggestive of alertness than one could wish, and hinting at sleep abruptly disturbed, and dreams unfinished, on the part of these dusky “limbs of the law.” One or two solitary travellers one meets, it is true, but few and far between, or occasionally a waried horse who has just had a gallop of some half-dozen

that the bottom of the cart will come out, or the roof come down, or a wheel come off—I am much too sleepy to make up my mind which, and I do not much care—and then once more the bullocks leave off trotting, and the driver betakes himself again to dozing, as also do I, when suddenly I hear a horn, which awakes me, and I indulge in wild fancies on the subject of being attacked by Sepoys, and, slightly excited, I sit up, lift the curtain, and look out—the horn gets nearer and nearer, there is a dull rumble, louder, closer—whish! a whirl of wheels—a quick clatter of hoofs—a cloud of dust, which falls with suffocating precision into my mouth, and strolls up my nose, or takes up its quarters in my eyes, and past us, at full gallop, goes a half-crazed horse-dak. There-upon do I draw in my head with nervous haste, congratulating myself that it was not carried off by the passing carriage, and wondering whether I shall ever be able to clear my eyes of the dust which oppresses them, and after a few sleepy *pros* and *cons*, I make up my mind in the negative; so, philosophically, I resign myself once more to my fate and Morpheus. Then away goes my cart again—jolt, jolt, jolt—if I were a package, labelled “Glass, with care!” I could hardly be worse off, or so much shaken, and the light baggage, swinging from the roof, fights a confused battle, as the articles composing it dash and jingle against one another, when down comes heavily on to my shins a well-filled carpet-bag, but which, from its weight, I am almost tempted to think must be a midshipman’s chest in disguise, and I grind my teeth with rage and pain, whereby I receive additional and

tea and bread, eked out with, occasionally eggs, invariably a spatch-cock and (*cela va sans dire*) a curry—the amusement of reading the various inscriptions on the walls, being remarks on life generally, and bullock-training in particular, by officers who have gone up country before you, and who, under the influence of spleen or *ennui*, possibly both combined, have thus found vent for their feelings, in some cases rendering immortal certain of their comrades by likenesses bordering on caricatures, executed in charcoal or Cumberland lead on the whitewashed walls; while the legend of the adventures of a certain mythical major-general, illustrated by a pencil which Leech might have envied, will long be remembered by those who, like myself, had the good fortune to see it—then those dinners, following so closely upon the heels of breakfast (for one had to jumble all one's meals up into a period of four or five hours), and consisting of ration stews of the best in the matter of quality, and amplest as to quantity, of a highly-prized and priced bottle of beer, which officers are enabled—all praise be to the government, or commissariat therefore!—to purchase at one rupee, of, sometimes—*O dies faustus!*—a rice-pudding, and with bread and potatoes *ad libitum*; then, about three o'clock, having filled a bottle with tea, a flask with rum, and stowed away a large supply of hard-boiled eggs for consumption *en route*, you return to your cart, and once more undergo the jolting, and the burying alive in fine sand, as you slowly creep along; the sights, scenes, and sounds of the preceding day being exactly repeated, and with little to look

profusion on either side ; sometimes over hard, sterile moors, dreary and lone to view, and only wanting a creaking gibbet, and a few bodies swinging in rusty chains, with the wind to howl a dirge, as it seems to be doing even now, in anticipation, to render them the most awful and unbearable of solitudes ; sometimes there passes you a swarthy company of merchants, with a string of camels, laden with fruit, travelling from Cabul to Calcutta (some 1700 miles), whence they will return with Manchester goods in exchange for their delicious filbert-shaped grapes, fine walnuts, and pomegranates, which they are now bearing southward ; sometimes we are journeying past artistical groups of "darkies" gathered round one of the numerous roadside wells, the bright brass pots, or *lotas*, wherewith they are drawing water (and which, together with a bit of cord for the purpose, every native in India carries as surely as he carries his head), glittering in the sun, and the white dresses of the Hindoo women, fluttering against the dark green of the surrounding trees, their shapely brown arms naked to the shoulder, and covered with bright brass rings and ornaments from elbow to wrist, and their anklets ringing out a light tinkle as they walk gracefully along ; sometimes past tanks wherein men are washing their dusky bodies, or alongside which, their ablutions being finished, they are seated and busily administering a polish to the dusky bodies in question, by means of oil and lubrication ; a train of empty bullock-carts returning after having deposited their load, and looking rather the worse for wear, pass by you ; sometimes a horse-dak,

rippling waters twinkle in the same as they flow with a silent rapidity and sort of muffled splash beneath the "wattle and dab" bridges which span them, and which we cross, as we wend our way towards the old fort which guards the further bank, and in which sixty big-whiskered Sikhs keep watch and ward.

By no means destitute of incident has been our journey thus far—incidents of the nature of the upsets of carts down steep banks, and the consequent discomfort, not to say injury of the burly warriors inside—incidents of the nature of "strikes" and stubbornness on the part of bullocks, and, in one or two instances, their sudden decease (caused by excess of obstinacy, I firmly believe) in the middle of the road, and the substitution, temporarily, of human draught. I remember one bullock—but, as an Irishman would say, he was a buffalo—whose obstinacy could only be overcome by lighting a small fire of dry sticks under a fleshy part of his thigh (a plan for which I think we are indebted to "Galton's Art of Travel") as he lay recumbent and inexorable; a sort of living heraldic device of contumacy *couchant*, and when he was almost sufficiently cooked for dishing, up he rose gracefully—no hurry about it, mind you—and continued his journey, serene, composed, and happy; frolicsomeness and love of liberty, too, have been apparent on the part of these animals, which not unfrequently have prompted them to shake their muscular necks free from the yoke which held them, and, calling as to the tearing of the cartilage of their noses—through which the rope by which they are driven—

CHAPTER VIII.

Sasseram—Traces of the Mutineers—Benares—Fort of Allahabad
—Pen-and-ink Sketch from its Walls at Sunset.

THE day after we crossed the Soane (eight days after leaving Calcutta) we arrived at Sasseram, and here we first came within the area of visible destruction committed during the rebellion. Here we first saw signs of desolation : ruined houses, a burned village, blackened trees, and the charred remnants of carriages and other property ; the very dak-bungalow in which we rested had but lately been re-roofed and restored. Here it was that evidences, palpable and hideous, first came under my notice of the performances of the mutineers, when the house of Messrs. John Pandy and Co. failed in its allegiance to its too-confiding creditors, and became bankrupts as to good faith, charity, and pity. Although from that time to this present at which I sit inditing, I have incessantly been surrounded by such signs and scenes—sickened at the constant recurrence of the shells of burned houses and the remains of demolished churches,* yet I think this first sight of objects which seemed to paint for me a mind-picture of the reality of the mutiny more vividly than anything I had seen, or heard, or read before, impressed me more deeply than what I since beheld

* These lines were written some time previous to my departure from India.

the doors of houses, of curious objects of idolatry or mythology, posed of the bodies of men, the heads elephants, and some dozen arms, and half a hundred hands, sticking out like the spokes of a wheel, and distributing the *largesse* of their godlike beneficence—had passed innumerable Brahmins with faces smeared with streaks of paint, which to the initiated in such matters spoke volumes on the subject of their caste, but to our pagan minds suggested merely recollections of the “Last of the Mohicans,” and war paint, and other barbarous ideas—had been half poisoned by the variety and overpowering nature of the stenches which saluted us—had been dealened by the clatter of voices—had been sickened by the sight of loathsome deformities exposed to view for the sake of obtaining charity—had been jolted into a conviction that by no means sufficient attention was paid to the paving of the streets—had been cheered by the sight of English faces and English uniforms leaning over the parapet of a fort—had admired the carved fountains, the shady tanks by the side of fine temples, and the numerous bungalows with their well-wooded compounds, which are dotted along the road after leaving the native town—and had at last drawn up in front of the Mint, a beautiful building, now appropriated to the use of the troops passing through—when we had accomplished all this, we had seen as much of Benares as, for the time being, I felt up to, though not nearly as much as there is to see in its streets, sacred to every Hindoo superstition and tradition, and as old—if one may believe the Brahmins—ay, and older

But I am no historian, and do not wish to trespass on his province, and shall, therefore, leave the reader, who may be interested on the subject, to find out from other sources the details and particulars of these stirring times, and to read the accounts abler pens than this have written of the deeds of the gallant Neil, and his performances at Benares and elsewhere.

At the time I passed through this city the tragedy of Retribution was being daily enacted in an open space, where, day after day, crowds collected to behold their traitor countrymen launched into eternity, and to see the arms, legs, and bodies of the murderers of women and children blown mangled and shapeless from the smoking muzzle of the avenging gun. Even the day before we arrived ten Sepoys had expiated their crimes on the gallows, and an officer of Royal Artillery quartered at this place had little occupation besides the occasional blowing away of those who had been condemned to this nature of death. A few hours' stay at Benares was all that we enjoyed, for that same afternoon saw us again on the road, while a couple of days brought us to the junction of the Ganges and Jumna, where are situated the town and fort of Allahabad, and where we halted for a few days, thus obtaining a temporary respite from the discomforts of the bullock-train.

Along a winding sallyport—through a labyrinth of ditches, and parapets, and “covered ways”—under the muzzles of guns which frown upon one at every turn—beneath a fine old echoing gateway, carved and curious, and we are in the Fort of

Jumna washing their base, and flowing on as in those rare old days of yore.

I wonder, though, whether they were "rare old days" after all, and whether they really possessed those features of romance which antiquity lends to them. I wonder whether people in those times grumbled about the crops and grew morose when the dinner was half an hour late, or talked of the times being different when they were in their *jeunesse doree*, and of a mythical "good time coming, boys," as we matter-of-fact, degenerate, discontented mortals do now; possibly, though I do not choose to think so, as I ramble one sunny evening about the ramparts, picking little bits of romance out of the old tumble-down walls, much as with a stick I might pick crumbling stones and mortar from out the same, and they yield it about as readily; and looking up reverentially at the aged mass of buildings which formed the *Zenaneh* (or harem) of the court. Don't tell me, sir! that the faces which looked from those old Moorish windows, that the bright eyes which had peeped—av, and, perchance, winked!—through those sly lattices, had ever bent over a pair of stockings which required darning—that the little hands which had rested on those carved stone balconies were ever employed in knitting and crochet, with their attendant mysteries of "*drop two—purl—take up one—four rows repeat*;" in trimming, and *tulle-ing* and *ruche-ing* (if there are such things); or in that, to me, yet more unaccountable operation of making small holes in long slips of linen or calico, and then mending them again as fast as possible.

jewelled courtiers and mailed warriors in all the prismatic colouring of the "glowing East?" No! but—*O tempora! O mores!*—piles of shot, and guns, and arms, and stores of camp equipage, and ropes, and picks, and shovels, like a marine store-dealer's shop on a large scale—and calculating *baboos* sitting before great big ledgers—and mathematical-headed functionaries issuing munitions of war, summing up totals, and putting down figures, and dealing with facts, for all the world as if romance had never been—had never dwelt within these courts and walls, which are now thus barbarously converted into an arsenal. Such is the Fort of Allahabad, tempting one to indulge in pleasant dreams, and then waking you up by a "cold pig" in the middle of them—Fast kicking Fiction's shins—Romance battling with Reality, and invariably getting the worst of it; and yet it is not without a little romance of its own, this same fort—a romance, not of antiquity and the "days when earth was young," but a matter-of-fact romance of *anno Domini* 1857—the romance of mutiny rampant within its walls—of a few high-couraged Englishmen standing firm and unmoved as they stemmed the in-setting and awful torrent—of one "brave among the bravest," Brasier by name,* who, when the Sepoy guard of the "Loyal" 6th Native Infantry, guarding the gate, hesitated to give up their arms when ordered to—when the very Sikhs whom he commanded were rather to be feared than trusted—when the match which self-devotion had prepared to fire the magazine, and so blow the fort and all within it

* Now commanding the Ferozepore Regiment of Sikhs.

known by the soubriquet of the "Loyal" Sixth ever since, and a bitter sarcasm it is.

Such is the story of their mutiny which has been told time after time in the public prints, until almost every one is familiar with it, but which I had scarcely realized till I rode past the ruined mess-house and cantonments, passed the *nullah* where those poor officers' bodies had lain—until I had seen the destruction wreaked by the traitors in the moment of their bloody triumph marked here, as everywhere, by the shells of destroyed and burned bungalows, barracks, and churches, and by a wild effort to root up all traces of the English wherever planted.*

* It is a curious fact that one of the few—very few—houses in the neighbourhood which have escaped the general destruction and demolition was the "Freemasonry Lodge," whether designedly or accidentally, of course I cannot say.

BAZAAR AT ALLAHABAD.

As regards the native town of Allahabad, I have but little to say; it straggles away to—goodness knows where. A sprinkling of Hindoo temples, a tolerable supply of mosques, which, though striking and picturesque individually are apt to pall upon one when you pass fifty of exactly the same make and build in an hour's ride: oblong buildings the whole of them, with three Turkish-looking domes on the summit, and three Moorish-looking arches forming their front, and a minaret at each end by way of a finish, never parallel to the neighbouring houses, or the street, or anything, but contorting themselves ridiculously, and squinting horribly in their attempts to look towards Mecca; the everlasting clatter of the *hunnahs* and other vendors of commodities, who appear to talk, and shout, in inverse proportion to the quantity and quality of the goods they have for sale, so that the hullabaloo raised by the man, whose entire stock-in-trade consists of one earthenware pot or *chattie*, and a handful of small univalve shells, or *cowries*,* each of which represents an infinitesimal piece of money, is overwhelming in the extreme; then there is that appearance of decay about Allahabad, noticeable in all Indian towns; they are all on their last legs, utterly done for, and used up; they may be able to pull through another week, but to all appearance, that will be the limit of their existence. Nor have they any of the personal

*Sixty-four cowries go to a copper *pie*, or the fourth part of an anna; there are therefore, two hundred and fifty-six cowries to an anna. An anna is three-halfpence, therefore one cowrie is the two hundred and fifty-sixth part of three-halfpence!

complacently inform the public, that it was "Kismet," and that "Allah is great, and Mahomet his prophet," though a cartload of bricks and a hod or two of mortar would have gone far towards overturning the decrees of fate, and might, perchance, have temporarily exalted the bricklayer almost to a level with Mahomet in the eyes of our pork-abhorring friend.

Executions at this time were common in Allahabad ; the energy of the gallows was severely taxed, for one, two, three, and sometimes more Sepoys were hanged almost daily. It is rather startling when enjoying a quiet country ride to come suddenly upon a body writhing in its last agonies, or hanging lifeless before you—it somewhat abruptly breaks off your train of peaceful thought, and pleasant reveries of home—and I must plead guilty to something very like a revulsion of feeling, when, sauntering along one evening, and coming upon a moderately large green, which my truant fancy immediately metamorphosed into a village green in England, I became suddenly aware that there was swinging before me, not the signboard of the "Green Dragon" or "Marquis of Granby," but the pinioned lifeless corpse of a Sepoy, which a native policeman, tulwar in hand, was guarding. The man had not been dead long, and his face, over which there was no cap or covering, was as quiet as though he had been asleep, but the silence, and the absence of any mortal beings but my companion, the policeman, and myself—the dreary, listless way in which the body kept on swinging, and swaying, and turning to and fro—

tale or two, which were whispered in my ear about the performances of the Naval Brigade when they manned the fort of Allahabad in the absence of other "soldiers," and "did sentry" upon the ramparts, and frightened peaceably disposed people, who might be returning to the fort at night after dining with some friend, into fits, by firing at them first and challenging them afterwards. in direct opposition to the—I think preferable—custom, usually observed of allowing the challenge to precede the bullet ; or of the sailor who, one night returning to his barracks, was accosted as usual by a bullet whistling past his ear, just by way of calling his attention to the main question which immediately followed of "Who goes there ?" and who responding, "Oh, that's your little game, is it ?" and that he "was darnged" (or something stronger) "if he'd stand being a 'umbugged in this way," and, having a musket, let fly therewith back at the sentry, and then proceeded to answer his challenge—a practical retort enough, and very much to the point, perhaps, but hardly in accordance with discipline. But we must be off ; there is no disobeying an order of Sir Colin Campbell's, and one has come for us to proceed to Cawnpore to join the main body of the army about to advance on Lucknow.

I certainly do not look back upon the fifty-five miles of railway travelling from Allahabdd to Kharga as the pleasantest or least perilous portion of my Indian career ; crammed, neck and crop, into a train consisting of one second-class carriage for the officers, and about fifty open trucks, loaded with baggage, doolies, and ammunition,

of the scorpion under similar circumstances, and commit suicide, or do their best to, by jumping off while the train is at full speed—one killed, t'other, both legs broken. Train stopped at last ; get the fire out as quickly as possible, back into your places—grumbling (perhaps not unnatural) on the part of some soldiers who have had their kits burned, or their coats and trousers, or blisters raised about their hands and legs.—Pshaw! officials laugh—"Deuced good joke"—"Soldiers—stand fire"—"ha ! ha ! ha !" "No real harm done—fires of this sort every day—come, in with you, men !" Off we go—no precautions, no anything—"happy go lucky"—jolt along till we catch fire again, which we do in about three-quarters of an hour, this time blazing away right merrily, three trucks and an infinity of doolies being burned, baggage, &c., destroyed, not to speak of the exertions necessary to detach a truck containing two hundred barrels of ammunition, and to prevent the same from catching fire and exploding.

I believe at last the officials began to think a little seriously of the affair, for they did not rally the men who had holes burned in their trousers and their shins, or whose heads were singed, quite so gaily ; perhaps it began to strike them that the never-ceasing expostulations and protestations of the officers might possibly have some little truth in them, and that the argument which held it to be advisable not to burn more soldiers than was absolutely necessary, or more baggage than they could conveniently help, might not be so wholly devoid of logic after all ;

or water, or with a very scanty, insufficient supply of both, exposed to the frightful heat of an Indian sun, in the heart of an Indian summer, which none but those who have felt it can realize, surrounded by a crowd who thirsted for their blood, they held out gallantly until relieved by troops from Allahabad. One of the party, a lady, died of exposure, fatigue, and want of food, but the others, I believe, all escaped.

We made but a short stay at Kharga, which was then the terminus of this little bit of railway—now continued as far as Cawnpore—arriving there about half an hour after noon, and leaving again by bullock-train about five p.m. Bullock-train again!—oh horror! the rack once more; worse bullocks, it appeared to me, than we had ever had yet; more capricious and volatile than before greater amount of jolting—half-healed bruises on hips and elsewhere get a relapse—more dust and more intense misery. Futteypore, some seventy miles from Allahabad, and the scene of one of Havelock's fights, we passed through that night. Some skeletons here and there by the side of the road still remain to mark the gallant general's progress, for all along and up this road had he been obliged to force his way against opposing and overwhelming numbers, always doing battle against swarming rebels—ten, twenty, thirty to one—and yet never failings to snatch undying laurels, however long and desperate the odds.

The road was interesting from these reminiscences alone, but, more than this, there was the nervous, almost painful excitement of nearing Cawnpore.

state of the wildest insanity ; *sowars*, or Irregular Horsemen, with lengthy spear, huge turban, and panting steed, were spurring madly through the dust ; pedestrians, carts, buffaloes, ponies, natives, soldiers, horses, officers, commissariat supplies, those inevitable light liver-coloured natives employed as scribes, accountants, &c. &c, in the public departments, and yclept *baboos*, baggage, doolies, and ammunition, all wending their way towards Cawnpore, to supply the capacious maw of that ever-greedy monster, an army, were scrambling as best they could along that dusty, roasting, crowded road, amid such a noise and confusion as I had never seen equalled.

It was when surrounded by all this bewildering mass that my attention was called to a long, low building, which loomed through the dust like a great nightmare on our left hand—a building surrounded by four or five others of inferior size—sort of out-houses—situated on an open *maidan* (or plain), and the whole battered and pounded by shot and shell and bullets, so that window and door were shattered out of all shape and outline, so that the roof had fallen in, and great breaches and fissures in the walls had reduced the whole almost to a pile of ruins. What could this wretched wo-begone building be ? What mortal men could have stood behind those battered walls and faced the storm of shot which must have rained upon them night and day before such destruction was wrought, or before all those gaping holes which riddle them like a sieve, were made ! What men could have lived for an hour in such a place as this ! Not only men, reader ! but women lived here, and

now shines, throwing uncouth shadows on the plain beyond, was the only home* for three long weeks for that gallant garrison—for those tender women poor children, whose blood sprinkled upon the walls of this frail fort, staining the floor of the "slaughter-house," and reddening the sides of the fatal well, cried aloud to their countrymen for vengeance.

It is difficult to describe the sensations with which one first beholds such a spot as this, particularly when one visits it so short a time after the events which first dragged it into celebrity had occurred. Not more than seven months since the curtain had been raised, and the first act of the tragedy had been played; and in those seven months, upon this self-same stage—the wide, dusty scorched plain there stretching out before you—how many more scenes of the bloody drama had been acted! how many a battle and desperate strife had thereon been decided!

As we continue our journey to the quarters allotted to us—some barracks which, *mirabile dictu*, had not been destroyed—we are able to observe how carefully every building that English hands had raised was levelled to the ground; not a bungalow which a Feringhee had inhabited but had been gutted; the churches wherein he prayed, the altars before which he knelt, burnt, unroofed, and defiled; even racket courts and riding-schools ruined and destroyed, and all in a systematic, regular manner, which spoke volumes for the virulence and *animus* of our treacherous enemies. Cawnpore was strangely busy at the time I arrived

*"Wheeler's Entrenchment" is now pulled down.

times they sounded, that I half-fancied they must have been wafted to us straight from home across the wide sea ; bodies of Sikh irregular cavalry, composed of big-whiskered, swarthy, stalwart men, each one a picture down to the waist, but with something wrong about their legs—which are decidedly of the broomstick order—spurring about in every direction ; sailors in the baggy-est of trousers, and with a rollicking air, not to mention certain mysterious lumps in their cheeks, possibly having some connexion with “pig-tail,” were polishing up black monsters of siege guns till their lacquered surfaces glistened and shone again, or, patting the breeches of 10-inch mortars, in playful and encouraging anticipation of their services against “them there black rascals ;” officers and others in the commissariat department were proving the existence of “perpetual motion” in their own persons. All was life, bustle, and excitement, and no light task must have been who had the management of this vast machine, swelled almost beyond all bounds by the enormous staff of camp-followers, indispensable to an army in India.

It may be as well to say a word or two here on the subject of camp-followers, and to explain as briefly as possible how it happens that so large a number is necessary.

In the first place, the mode of carrying the sick in India tends to increase the train enormously. The sick are carried in “doolies,” which are in many respects most excellent, affording as they do a bed, a covering, and a little temporary

sick man there must perforce be six bearers, a proportion which would not be procurable in any country but India, where the population is so great and wages are so small, and where we can draw to any extent on the millions of natives who are always ready to accept employment, and are well paid at from 3d. to 4d. per diem. And now I come to the point at which I wished to arrive : the proportion of doolies in war time is one to every ten men ; this, in a regiment one thousand strong, amounts to one hundred doolies—six bearers to each, total, *six hundred doolie bearers* to a single regiment ! Here, then, is the nucleus, and an extensive one it is, of the force of camp-followers ; in addition to this is the large staff of cooks. “bhistees,” “bildahs,” “sweepers,” &c., allotted to regiments on landing, which of course accompanies them in full force into the field.

The regimental hospitals, too, are augmented to an overwhelming size ; to each tent in the huge camp is allowed a “kulassie,” or tent-man, while the cavalry and artillery swell the black rabble some thousands by their innumerable “syces” and “grass-cutters,” who are nearly in the proportion of one of each to every horse. Throw into the scale, also, another by no means small item in the shape of hordes of hackery-drivers, camel-drivers, and “mahouts ;” add to this the bazaar establishment attached to each regiment for the purpose of supplying the soldiers and the natives of the same with any little things they may require from “gold mohurs” to “gram,” and numbering in many instances, whole legions of speculative

I rode past the spot where the "slaughter-house" (now razed to the ground) once stood, and where, when our troops first reoccupied the place, they found pieces of women's dress, and long hair, and clotted blood, and splashings of the same about the walls, and children's little frocks all dabbled in it, and other horrible signs of slaughter, too marked and real to be mistaken. I saw the well, now filled up, and with a monument to mark the spot, commemorating in simple words the dreadful deeds there done, and with an iron railing round it. It is now the only piece of brick or stone work standing amid a great sea of ruins, the buildings in the neighbourhood having been pulled down to afford a free range to our guns in the fort hard by.

There is something indescribably sad about Cawnpore, where destruction has been carried on by friend and foe with such an unsparing hand; you may yet, through the ruins of razed houses, trace the walks and beds of what once were gardens, with occasionally a few poor crushed flowers, that have slept through all these changes and tumults, and are now springing into life, wondering where the hand is that used to tend them so carefully, and vainly endeavouring to struggle up through broken bricks and stone, and mortar, and falling pillars, to look round them and find out what all this is about. You may still see the spots where our countrymen, unmindful of the dark shadow which coming events were casting over them, unsuspecting of the evil hastening towards them fast, spent many a happy day, and sat out in the cool of pleasant evenings—

would hardly be found to accept his hospitality now-a-days, even supposing that Bhitoor the sacked and looted, were flourishing in all its former grandeur; likewise, is he less popular than he was in those times past. And yet I should like to know if he has really changed so very much, or whether, rather, his heart was not black as now in those days of yore; whether, when his fetes and feasts were at their height—when his smile of greeting for his English guests was pleasantest, and his welcome warmest, whether then he saw not, in the dim future, a day when he should dye his hands in the blood he was now warming with his wine; the day when his order should deliver up to torture and death, and to indignities even worse than death, those delicate English ladies with whom he was now exchanging such fair words of friendship, and who, many a time and oft, had graced Bhitoor with their kind and comely presence.*

*This is as probable as it is possible; for there is no doubt that Nana Sahib considered that he owed an old grudge to Government, by whom he fancied himself aggrieved in respect of a large pension which his *adopted* father-enjoyed, but which was refused to him. This grievance rankled in his black, unforgiving, Asiatic mind, till the payment of the grudge became the dearest wish of his heart; a fact well known to many influential natives, as was proved by some of them writing on the occasion of the outbreak at Delhi to Sir Hugh Wheeler, warning him that the mutiny would extend to Cawnpore, and bidding him distrust the Nana, and make preparations for the defence of the place. Deceived, however, by the villain's promises, and by the seeming friendship which he had always borne towards Englishmen, Sir Hugh responded that he disbelieved these statements of the troops' or the Nana's contemplated treachery, and this unfortunate confidence it was that enabled the fiend to take his hellish revenge, and to commit the deed which has gained for his name such a detestable notoriety.

CHAPTER XI.

A Ride through the Bazaar at Cawnpore—We cross into Oude—
The March—Oonao—Morose Remarks about Camels.

THE native bazaar, from its great size and the insatiable craving for everything and anything which characterizes the British army, and which must long ere this have raised the not over conscientious *buneahs* to an unprecedented state of affluence, is even noisier and more crowded than these pandemoniums usually are. The narrow, filthy streets, with that peculiar smell—I wonder what it is!—which one notices immediately on landing in India, or, indeed, in any Eastern country, and which is to be found in the highest perfection in the native towns and houses—form one huge labyrinth filled with shops of every description, in the heyday of their prosperity. English officers galloping recklessly along on their *tatts* (the Indian substitute for that hardy, hairy, half-fed animal, the Crimean baggage pony) in quest of *karkee*-coloured turbans, or coats, find themselves suddenly brought up by an elephant, whose huge carcase effectually blocks up the narrow street, while his flapping ears seem almost to brush the houses on either side, and looking, as he decidedly is under the circumstances, very much out of proportion; or, occasionally, a camel, with bells tinkling gaily, and his nose high and haughty in

currycomb, and various other articles of a like nature, so that the Cawnpore harness makers are generally well to do.

quantity of hackeries, which all appear to have their wheels loose, and to be in the last stage of ricketiness. The said hackeries are drawn by a very fat, comfortable, well-looking, well-looked-after lot of bullocks ; but I am as convinced, as I stand eyeing those beautiful and apparently docile animals, with sleek white skin and big hump, (how good that would be salted !) and long, smooth, velvety dew-lap, which are now, pretty dears, so calmly eating their chopped straw—I am as convinced, I say, as ever I was of anything in my life, that those sleek white skins enshroud the most diabolical dispositions—that beneath those calm exteriors lurk villany and treachery ; in short, that those patient creatures are fiends incarnate, and that even now they are pleasantly contemplating the possibility of precipitating our baggage into the Ganges, and anticipating and determining upon stoppages, delays, and every sort of disaster and disagreeableness which the minds of bullocks can conceive, or their muscular bodies execute. There is a man standing by me who did not come up-country bullock-train : he doubts the truth of my assertion ; he says they are “very nice and quiet to pat.” Well, well, he will have the kindness to defer any very strong expression of these doubts until the evening, when I shall be only too happy to hear anything he may have to say on the subject ; but at present, much as I may regret appearing to treat any opinion of his with contempt, I can only look upon him as a man devoid of experience, and I am therefore under the painful necessity of pooh-poohing him, which I do—you will observe—as good-naturedly as possible.

as he uttered it, to embody some sage and golden maxim. So much for the dust-storm, an evil of constant occurrence in India, and making life still less endurable in this horrible country.

At length we cross the Ganges by the bridge of boats, which groans and creaks audibly, and whines out a protest against this daily infliction, this never-ceasing tramp of armed men and baggage, and artillery and stores, over its long-suffering planks ; but kindly condescending to bear us in safety, we now place foot in Oude.

Miles of white glaring sand, whose component particles glitter like diamonds in the sun, stretch away along the river bank, dazzling the eye painfully with the reflected glare ; and owing to this, and to having to pride over the heavy surface, our horses sinking deep at every step—owing to the hot sun, now shining with more splendour than was agreeable—owing to the dust which had insinuated itself into ears, eyes, nose and mouth, and which made life a burden—owing to a certain barrenness of country, which struck me forcibly and dismally ; in short, owing to being in a very bad humour, my first impressions of Oude were not favourable. Nor was my peace of mind made greater by certain mysterious evolutions on the part of the bullocks drawing our baggage, whose deeply-rooted villany began to bud about the bridge, and to expand into full bloom as soon as they arrived on the soft white sand, where the hackeries sank up to their axles, and the bullocks gave themselves up with much zest, and in a fine acrobatic spirit, to a series of field sports and athletic performances, such as tumbling, upsetting

a large village, strongly situated, and having, at a little distance, more the appearance of a large irregular fort than anything else; and the general aspect of the country, which I characterized on first crossing the river as "barren," here becomes well wooded and fertile, striking and pretty, though as level as a bowling-green.

Just beyond Oonao we found encamped a large portion of the army, consisting chiefly of the park of artillery and ordnance stores, the Naval Brigade, Hodson's Irregular Horse, some Punjab infantry, some regiments of Highlanders (as our ears soon found out to their cost), horse artillery, and a few other troops; and here we halt also, and encamp.

Ah! what "griffs" we were in those days! what poor hands at campaigning! I quite shudder when I look back on that dismal period of "griffendom" and inexperience; new to the work of picketing horses—new to the usages and customs of the country—unable to speak a word of the language—driven mad by "syces," "grass-cutters," "kulassies," khitmutgars," "bhisteas," "bearers," and others of your native establishment, who neither understand you, nor you them; burnt by the sun into blisters; fiercely hot, tired and hopeless. I look back upon that time as the most miserable I ever spent in my whole life. True, glory and distinction were before us; but what is glory when you want your breakfast, and see no chance of getting it for hours to come, if at all? What does the man, before whose mind keeps ever flitting a horrible vision of his baggage upset upon the sandy banks of the Ganges,

assumed such a delightful *couleur de rose*, that, rising superior to adverse circumstances, we looked forward with a pleasurable excitement to continuing our march, as we expected to do, on the following morning towards Lucknow. In this, however, we were disappointed. Various reasons were assigned for the delay, none of which, in all probability, were the right ones ; but for several days did the force remain stationary at Oonao, the gunners and Naval Brigade rubbing up their guns and gun-drill, cavalry and horse artillery doing the like to their horses ; the Highlanders disported themselves in kilts, and aired their legs, to the no small astonishment of the natives ; and the force, generally, strove by a happy mixture of races and routine to while away and improve the time till the commander-in-chief thought fit to let slip his "dogs of war" upon the foe.

I should hardly have thought worthy of mention, in the midst of so many other stirring events, the apparently trivial fact of our receiving camels for the transport of our baggage *vice* bullock-hackeries, during this halt, were it not that from this event dated the overthrow (as far as we were concerned) of one of those popular fallacies which one often finds high-seated on the pinnacle of Delusion, till the rude hand of Truth, armed with a hard stone called Fact, which it throws with unerring aim, brings it toppling over. The fallacy in question is one to which from my earliest days I have subscribed without doubt or hesitation, and which two-thirds of England believe in firmly at this moment—I allude to the notion that the camel is a pleasant animal to have

portmanteaus, beds, furniture, and baggage in a scattered shower around him, and I think even his staunchest admirers will allow, that neither at this moment is he what one would call in a pleasant humour. Mr. Camel having, after some battling, been overcome, and compelled to carry the load which he so objected to, but not until he has damaged it considerably, arrives when the march is over at the encamping ground; it is necessary to make him kneel down to have that load removed—grumbling, as much as ever, in opposition, as usual—beaten physically, but with soul unsubdued, and internally in a state of rebellion and mutiny—a sort of volcano ready at any moment to burst out.

Now, if any lady or gentleman interested in zoology generally, and camels in particular, objects to my arguments because I have taken the opportunity to sketch this animal's infirmities at a time when they were most likely to be apparent, then I answer let such sceptics come out to India, and sleep, or try to sleep, for one night in a tent outside which are squatted the camels which are to carry his or her baggage in the morning, and I think all their doubts will speedily disappear. Throughout the night do they growl and grumble solos, duets, and choruses in harsh discord; and with that peculiar and very nasty-looking water-bag, which they are able to draw up from their stomach into their mouths when thirsty, and refresh themselves withal, they make a noise exactly resembling that made in smoking a "hookah," or hubble-bubble; all which keeps you awake for hour after hour,

CHAPTER XII.

The Advance upon Lucknow—Scenery and Incident
on the March.

THE delay is over at last. The idle halt has come to an end, and the army once more is on its legs. Tents struck, baggage loaded, and away to Lucknow. We do not move up *en masse*, however, but in dribblets, some troops moving forward every day. The monster siege-train, with an appropriate guard of cavalry, infantry, and field artillery, travels in two divisions, the second half being one day's march in rear of the first; far along the road does the straggling line of guns, mortars, howitzers, and hackeries loaded heavily with shot and shell, and tumbrils crammed with thousands upon thousands of pounds of powder, and ammunition, and diabolical contrivances of war. Far along the dusty road, I say, does all this extend; nor are its movements by any means swift owing to innumerable break-downs, and not a little to certain before-mentioned eccentricities on the part of our old friends, the bullocks, who somehow contrive never to have less than about five hundred carts stuck in ditches, or inextricably jammed at one and the same time, so as always to have on hand some very fine specimens of chaos.

It is but dreary work travelling alongside this *train d'equipages militaires*, as the French would

with much pathos the sad fact. Confound the man and his khitmutghar! what do you care? You are rather glad than otherwise, and you tell him so; and if he chooses to continue a conversation commenced so inauspiciously, why then—*que voulez-vous, mon cher*?—you will disagree with him on every point except that of licking his khitmutghar “within an inch of his life,” because at the moment that proposition happens to suit your Timon-of-Athens-like mood.

But of all objectionable people to meet at this hour the worst I know is your *lively* man—the man who affects a sort of ghastly merriment and wide-awakishness, which resolves itself into a hideous jocularitv and sleepy sort of briskness, which you know must be all a sham at this time of day, or night. Feigning jollity, he calls you “old fellow.” Now I have no objection to being called “old fellow” in the middle of the day or after dinner; but when a man deliberately, and of malice aforethought, calls you “old fellow” at 4 A. M. he commits an act which ought to be made punishable by law. You rather hope that he will bring matters to a crisis by slapping you on the back, which would, of course, be an excuse for at once knocking him off his horse. “Well, old fellow! how are we this morning? Sleepy, eh?” Of course you are sleepy, and so is he, only he pretends not to be. Continued jocularitv: “Cheer up old boy” &c. &c.; and so we wrap ourselves up in a cloak of grimaces and hatred of our fellow-man, and ride gloomily along on our horse, who stumbles the same fat every step. By Jove! how sleepy we are. We light

will that grain be found, reducing man and beast, and wood and iron, to a sort of neutral, gritty grey.

It is wonderful, too, how with sunrise all sleepiness vanishes; often have I found in a night's march, when I have rolled and lolled about on my horse with very drowsiness the long night through, and would have given all my worldly possessions for a nap—when I have in sheer despair wound the mane round my fingers, and then resigned myself to Morpheus, and the safety of my neck to chance—when, on a short halt being called, I have thrown myself off my horse on to the soft dusty road, and dropping off to sleep before my foot was well out the stirrup have slept with all my might and main until "Attention!" was called, or in case that failed to awaken me, until a good-natured sergeant coming up roused me with "They're a moving off, sir"—I say, invariably on these occasions, when I have been thus overpowered with sleep, have I found that immediately the sun appears, long before it gets hot, does all that drowsiness vanish, and you fell almost supernaturally wide awake—the first few rays as they sparkle and gleam upon you seem to drive away every wink and blink from your eyelids, and leave you with that sort of sleepless, weary Wandering-Jew *marche-marche-toujours-marche* sensation which is scarcely more agreeable than the previous one of extreme somnolence.

troops who were to be employed in the capture of Lucknow; for, at the Alum Bagh, General Outram had some four thousand men, while General Franks was expected in a few days with a force of five thousand eight hundred men, after a long but victorious march through the south-eastern portion of Oude, while I suppose the six or eight thousand exceedingly useless Ghoorkas must find a place in our calculations.*

*It, perhaps, may not be out of place here to give the actual numbers of the troops employed in the capture of Lucknow, as taken from an official return; they are as follow:

Force under Sir Colin Campbell (this includes the Alum Bagh garrison under General Outram),

Artillery and Naval Brigade.		Engineers.	
European officers	87	Unarmed pioneers . . .	754
Rank and file	1526	Officers { Nat } 91	
Horses	930	Rank and file	1911
Cavalry.		Infantry.	
Officers { Eur. 132 } 193		Officers . . . { E. 538 } 705	
Rank and file (N. and E.) .	3420	Rank and file (E. and N.)	1,940
Horses	3587		

Grand total of force under Sir Colin Campbell—20,627 men, 4517 horses.

Force under General Franks.

Artillery.	Cavalry.	Infantry.
European officers. 17	Officers. { Eur. 13 } 25	Officers { Eur. 110 } 225
Rank and file . . 327	{ Nat. 11 }	{ Nat. 95 } 225
Horses 193	Rank and file . . 519	Rank and file 450
	Horses 417	

Total under General Franks—5593 men, 610 horses.

Grand total of force engaged in capture of Lucknow, ~~and~~
sive of Ghoorkas under Jung Bahadur (6000 or 8000):

All ranks (Native and European) . . 26,520

Horses 5,127

A FALSE ALARM.

pass a tent door you catch a glimpse of a wretched mortal *a la belle nature*, or very nearly so (he having been employed in the operation of "tubbing" when the row commenced), now engaged in an attempt to perform the impossible feat of getting into a pair of trousers hind-side before, and the fastening round his waist of a revolver at one and the same moment, and vociferating madly for his "bearer," and of course swearing desperately. Elsewhere is another equally wretched mortal trying to get on a boot, tumbling and hopping about on one leg in a manner stupendous to behold, very red in the face, and using exceedingly strong language, and consigning all sorts of people and things, and himself among the number, to perdition and elsewhere, in a by no means Christian spirit.

I just see and hear these various domestic episodes *en passant* towards the front of the camp, whither soldiers and officers are swiftly hurrying. Everybody says the enemy are coming, some men swear they can see them or very nearly, but they are not quite sure in which direction, nor, in fact, is any one. Conjecture is at a loss; officers are still galloping to and fro; Sir Colin, on his white Arab, starts off across country with the intention of judging for himself; bullocks and camels out grazing are coming into camp helter-skelter, urged along by their alarmed drivers, and all looks as if, in our joyous expectation of a "mill," we should not be disappointed.

It is pleasant looking at those dense masses of troops drawn up in readiness in front of

naval brigade, and I believe some cavalry, composed the chief part of this column; and it was not very long before heavy firing told us that they were at it, and in the afternoon of the same day we had the pleasure of hearing that they had occupied the Dilkoosha, with little or no loss, after driving the enemy before them and clearing the Mahommed Bagh, a large walled garden near the Dilkoosha, in which preliminary operations the troops under General Outram had also assisted. These successes enabled more troops to push on that evening, when the 34th, 38th, 53rd, and 79th regiments, the remainder of the Naval Brigade, and six guns (heavy) of the Royal Artillery, and possibly a few other troops that I have not the names of, marched to join Sir Colin, and to occupy the ground taken in the morning. The main portion of the park of artillery had not advanced, yet, it being most desirable to get a perfectly firm footing before hampering ourselves with heavy guns, and the more so as they could be of but little use yet.

Heavy firing throughout that night and the following morning, and in the evening, March 3rd, the order came for the remainder of the army, with the park of artillery, to march at half-past ten P. M. Oh, what a slow and wearying march that was! the night seemed interminable, and from having to go the whole of the way across country, the riding was none of the pleasantest. As day broke, we found ourselves under the walls of the old fort of Jellalabad, which is the right of our Alum Bagh position; it certainly was a pretty scene, for Jellalabad is charmingly situated, embedded in

require much experience in such matters to enable one to see, in imagination, the case-shot as it had come crashing through the tope with that partridge-like whirr-r-r-r peculiar to a shower of this description of projectile, and laid low those wretched men.* I have since heard the tale from people who were present when these men were killed. It was during the time Sir James Outram held the Alum Bagh, and one of the almost daily attacks by the enemy on his position was going on; these men whose remains we now see lying before us had with some others occupied the tope of trees in question, where, I believe, they had brought two guns into action, which guns we subsequently captured; the enemy were driven back as usual, but these men, either surrounded by our cavalry, or fanatically determined to die, were at all events so situated that escape become impossible. The cavalry were ordered to ride in and cut them up; but directly they advanced the Pandies climbed up the trees and coolly "potted" our helpless soldiers as they rode beneath them. Thereupon General Outram ordered the cavalry to be withdrawn, and the guns to pour a few rounds of case-shot among the trees; they did so, and the Pandies' hours were numbered; toppling down they came like birds, some shot through and through, others with the branches on which they were perched cut away from under them,

* Case-shot are very commonly but erroneously, called grape, which is a totally distinct thing; the former being a cylindrical tin canister, or case, filled with iron balls; the latter being made by seven, nine, or more balls of a much larger size tied together, which, presenting a real or fancied resemblance to a bunch of grapes, have given it its name.

the river's bank, among the tress. Martine, the liberalfounder of this place, must have had some odd notions of his own on the subject of architecture, or possibly he may have been possessed of the noble idea of cutting out the Dilkoosha ; in which case I must admit that he has succeeded, for even that very peculiar building must yield the palm in point of outlandishness to the Martiniere.

A faint pop-pop-popping of rifles is going on between the advanced pickets, varied by the heavy boom of a mortar or 18-pounder. Every now and then a little puff of white smoke issues from the Martiniere, and while we are watching the tiny cloud expand, curling up, and fading away in the blue sky overhead, we hear a rushing sound like the concentrated essence of express trains passing us at full speed ; we duck—yes ! I confess it—we duck involuntraily as a something lodges with a dull heavy thud in the bank behind us, and warns us that we have advanced a little too far in our eagerness to see the view. To our right lies the river Goomtee, winding about, serpent-like, in a great open green plain, fringed with dark trees. This evening our engineers will commence constructing a bridge of boats across it.

Beyond the Martiniere, which lies directly to our front, we can see the golden minarets and gay domes of Lucknow, with a few snow-white buildings, and some red roofs gleaming and glittering among the bright green trees, which, by their pleasant fresh colour, set off picturesquely the much painted temples and bright looking houses, and give a sort of relief to the otherwise almost too glowing scene. We cannot see much of the fair city, but

CHAPTER XIV.

Commencement of the Siege of Lucknow—Night march of the Trans-Goomtee column—A pleasant morning scene—The halt for breakfast—Sir James Outram.

AND so the big guns were booming hoarsely, and rifles, matchlocks, muskets, and smell-arms were popping briskly, and the bullets pinged with a soft, but unpleasant sibilation before the fair city of Lucknow, on the fourth day of March, in the year of Grace one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight.

And now the time was come, as Sir Colin Campbell worded it in his despatch, "for developing the plan of attack which had previously been determined on," the first step of which was to bridge the Goomtee. Hereat did Engineers, Royal and Bengal, her Majesty's Sappers and Miners, and Sappers from Madras, dusky of hue, big-turbaned, and intelligent, work gaily through the night, and the following morning did the enemy appear in force upon that wide green plain, through which the little river Goomtee flows so snake-like, and they threatened the bridge, and appeared disposed to retard its completion; whereupon were field guns sent down to overawe these gentlemen by their presence, and to bark hoarsely at them, like huge watch-dogs suffering from

strange scene this midnight assembly, and a sort of forced stillness pervaded the whole as the troops moved, regiment after regiment, up to the rendezvous. I use the word "stillness" advisedly, reader, for to those unaccustomed to the noise and clamour, usually attending the parading of a mass of troops it would have seemed far from still. Now the even, measured tramp of men falls upon the ear, and now the dull rumbling of the artillery guns and waggons; here, trotting briskly to the front, comes a regiment of cavalry, their steel scabbards making a light jingle as they fall against the stirrup-irons; there comes another regiment of cavalry, likewise trotting, but who jingle not as they advance, and who seems to have even muffled their horses' hoofs, so silently, almost stealthily, do they pass by. Why is this? Because these are Sikh cavalry,—who know not steel scabbards and their attendant jingle, but who wear leather sheaths, wherein the swords do not become blunt and dull, and who, though perchance they might fail to gladden the hearts of those good folks at home, who love the clatter and the clash, and the ringing of spurs, stirrup-irons, and scabbards, and look on them as part and parcel of a soldier, are able, by foregoing these same, to have tulwars, with edges like that of a razor—keen, bright, and ready, as many a deep and ghastly cut on Sepoy corpses can testify.

And so this body of troops pressed on through the darkness (with now and again the flash of a heavy gun, or a sharp rattling volley of musketry, to give a sort of zest and piquancy to the scene),

of Riflemen, the red uniforms of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, the blue of the Bengal Fusiliers and of the Artillery, and the serviceable karkee-coloured vestments of the Sikh regiment of infantry, are clustered pleasantly *en masse* below the ridge on which the cavalry are halted. There is an everlasting glint and glitter from the bright locks of the rifles, from steel ramrods, and polished belt-plates and burnished buckles, as the sun's slanting rays fall upon them, and the whole makes up a scene in which the pomp and circumstance of war are so blended with its stern reality that it will not readily be effaced from the beholder's memory.

I like to look back upon all the picturesque details of the same, to see in recollection the horses, with their heads deep buried in their nose-bags, feeding greedily—the men carving away with their pocket knives at the hunch of bread, of sucking down the “go of grog” which composes their frugal breakfast—the officers gathered in knots round doolies, wherein are pieces of cold beef and mutton, pleasant to the eyes of hungry men, but which are rapidly becoming “small by degrees and beautifully less:” while the meat receives a peculiarly racy and *prononce* flavour from somebody insisting on carving it with the same knife that he uses for tobacco. The tops of innumerable flasks, both wicker and leather, are being unscrewed, and the “dew off Ben Nevis” is fast evaporating, while it is astonishing how many people find it necessary to “correct acidity” by “nips” of “Exshaw's No. 1.” There is a large display of cigar-cases, and short, black

more recently of the noble part he has borne during this rebellion, in the annals of which no act will stand out more gloriously, than that which, prompted by a chivalrous generosity, this noble soldier performed, when he served where he might have commanded, that he might so avoid robbing a gallant comrade, now, alas ! no more,—the illustrious Havelock—of the glory of leading the troops he had commanded so well to the relief of Lucknow—I say, there were many among us who, as they looked on the hero of all these deeds, felt that it was in truth an honour to serve under such a general.

All the world know the public services of General Outram ; but all the world do not know by how many little acts of kindness and generosity he has endeared himself alike to officers and men ;—they do not know that, thanks to him, many of the regiments who entered Lucknow with Havelock and himself, and who were subsequently under this command at the Alum Bigh, enjoy at this moment books, papers, periodicals, cricketing things, and other amusements, wherewith to beguile the weary hours in camp, and which Sir James has provided them with at his own expense. These and many other like acts, I say, are not generally known, they have not been trumpeted loudly forth, but they are none the less appreciated by those who are acquainted with them : they are jewels which neither lose their lustre nor their value because enclosed in a case, or hidden in the mine ; and to the warmth of devotion which they, and his many other qualities have called forth among all ranks, those who have served under him will readily testify.

former route greatly enlarged and strengthened, and fortifications grown up where previously none had existed. This was all well and good—Pandy was perfectly happy ; in blissful ignorance of the art of taking defences in reverse, or of the many cunning devices and resources of engineers. In the fond hope that this time he was ready for us, he reposed behind his huge mud parapets, or popped away from numberless loopholes and embrasures in charming confidence ; or threw up trenches, ditches, and batteries in all sorts of sly streets and roadways ; and set a thousand traps in a thousand unexpected corners wherein to catch the unsuspecting infidel.

Alas for Pandy, he had quite overlooked one thing ; the side of the city along which the little river Goomtee runs (a side against which no hostile demonstrations had been made on former occasions—a fact which, according to Pandy's reasoning, inferred that none ever would be made,) was left bare, naked, and comparatively unguarded. True, there was the river, and was not that a defence in itself ? *Nous verrons*. And, in the meantime, my black friends with the black hearts, child-killers and murderers of women, lie calm and happy within your fortified palaces ; set your sly traps, and blaze away with matchlock and booming gun, and heap fresh insults upon those two English ladies whom you hold captive within your walls ; and be merry, my friends, over the coming fall of the "Feringhees," for have not your *fakirs* and *gooroos* told you that the sun of the infidels is set, and that they shall be confounded and put to shame ? And is not Allah great, and Brahma good and powerful ?

out on the following morning, was ever dancing and flitting a horrible vision before their eyes, and fostered an unconquerable dread that, did they stand their ground on this occasion, a similar fate might befall them; and that as Sir Colin advanced against them on the one side, Sir James Outram, forcing the passage of one of the two regular bridges across the Goomtee, would take them in flank and rear, and that thus the tragedy of the 16th November* would be re-enacted; and to this dread, very probably, do we owe, in a great measure, their rapid desertion of their elaborate defences, and our comparatively easy capture of the city.

It will thus be evident that the army was now divided into two great divisions, the one under General Outram on the left bank, the other under Sir Colin Campbell on the right, both moving in the same direction, and parallel to one another, but the former always so far in advance of the latter as was requisite for the establishing of the batteries which were to drive away Pandey from his fortifications, by a deadly enfilade fire of shot and a dense shower of shell which night and day they poured incessantly into them. After they had accomplished this, Sir Colin would push forward his troops, capturing position after position in regular succession, General Outram the while moving forward, repeating the operation, bombarding and enfilading further defences, until they in their turns became untenable, and were captured.

And now, having as best I can, without plans

* The day on which the Secunderabagh fell.

sought in vain to realize the terrible and awful truth.

In the mean time where are the cavalry ? They have swept onward, away past weeping women and dead men ; away in hot pursuit of a flying rabble ! A portion of the "Bays" and 9th Lancers are called upon to charge, and headlong they ride, dealing death around them with their long flashing swords, and cutting up a large number of the enemy. But, unfortunately, the "Bays," who were the leading regiment, advancing with what wild and reckless courage which the sight of blood stirs up, galloped on their work of destruction farther than necessity demanded or prudence prompted, till, in scattered groups of twos and threes, their ranks broken by the rugged nature of the ground, they reached the "race course," where the gallant Major Percy Smith with one or two privates (I believe) fell victims of their temerity. Sir Hope Grant, seeing the disorderly nature of the charge, and fearing the results might be disastrous, had halted the 9th Lancers, and at last the "Bays" were checked in their mad career. But, in spite of the courageous self-devotion and strenuous efforts of Ensign Sneyd and Corporal Goad,* they were unable to bring away Major Smith's body, which had to be left on the field to the mercy of a ruthless enemy, a circumstance which added greatly to the grief we all felt for this officer's loss ; and sad were the faces of

* This man has, I believe, received the Victoria Cross for the gallantry he displayed on this occasion. Captain (now Colonel) Seymour ordered away Major Smith's helmet, medals, and watch.

grief! Then it is, as day follows day, and the void remains still unfilled, and the slow cure seems still to stand aloof, that we suffer most; then, while the world rolls on as it did before, and folks around us pass to and fro upon their several paths, careless and gay as ever, and heedless of our loss, that the anguish gnaws fiercest at our souls. War is but poor work after all—a little glory, a little glitter, to season much sorrow, grief, and woe!

In the above skirmish the main body of the force had taken no part, but as we arrived on some rising ground we saw the horse artillery densely enveloped in self-created smoke, and firing away very fast in the direction of a large yellow bungalow (the "Chucker-wallah Khotee," which I shall have occasion to mention again more than once in the course of this narrative), situated on the "race-course," and from which some guns were replying, and making the most unsatisfactory practice. I use the word "unsatisfactory" here in a selfish sense, for the shot which were, or ought to have been, intended for the Horse Artillery, would occasionally insist on plumping in among our poor selves, in by no means an agreeable manner. We were halted, and had the supreme satisfaction of standing, or sitting quite still to be shot at for some few minutes—a period not wholly devoid of excitement, as thus: there was a cloud of smoke, then a distant report, then a few moments of comparative silence, then half a dozen cries of "Here comes another!" a small dark peck visible against the blue sky, a rapid hurtling through the air of the approaching missile, a wain-sh-sh-sh wain

friendly topos ; and about one P. M., protected from Sepoy intrusion by the pickets which had been thrown out, thoroughly tried and exhausted, we lay down to take a "nap," after being some eleven hours in the saddle, six or seven of which, it must be remembered, were passed in the full glare and heat of an Indian sun. Hungry though one may be, and hungry as we were, eating becomes but a secondary consideration on these occasions—every other feeling yields to the all-absorbing one of intense fatigue—alas ! to return tenfold when one awakens, as I did in about two or three hours' time, only to find—like Dame Hubbard—that "the cupboard was bare," or comparatively so, for our united contributions amounted to a few potatoes, with a modicum of grease ! which we fried, and contented ourselves withal. Such is campaigning.

When the heat of the day had in some degree subsided we issued from our tope, and amused ourselves by "laying out" our camp, and grooming the poor horses (who were thoroughly "done," all of them having been in harness for two whole days, and some of them for three,) for the baggage had not yet arrived, nor, indeed, did it all come up that night ; so we e'en bivouacked, and made what beds we could in the soft, sandy soil, at the imminent risk of being stepped upon by a camel or an elephant, which animals bearing baggage, together with some horses who were wandering about all night in a state of semi-somnambulism, kept strolling through the camp from "dewy eve" till morn. How any one ever found their own baggage, or the baggage its owners, it is hard to

CHAPTER XVI.

Attack on our Camp—Repulse of the Enemy--Outlying Picket
 —Advance of March 9th—Jungle Fighting—*Horrida Bella!*
 —Another glimpse fo Lucknow.

ON the following morning, March 7th, while preparing to go on outlying picket, and fortifying the inner man by laying in as good a breakfast as time would permit, we were astonished by a sharp fire, which commenced in our front. At first we imagined that it was only the pickets disporting themselves, and getting up a small fight on their own accounts, as pickets are oft-times wont to do; but the sharp rattle of musketry becoming louder and nearer every moment, and then some shot coming whistling among our tents, warned us that something was really going on, and before many minutes were over an orderly came galloping down to tell us to "turn out immediately," and move up to the front, as the enemy were attacking the camp in force. We got ready as soon as possible, and moved smartly up, but too late to take any part in this affair, in which our casualties were very few, but those of the enemy considerable.* It appeared

*Among our casualties must be included a few occasioned by the shot which the enemy sent into our camp; one, a man of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, who lost his leg while in the act of "falling in."

found out that we received *our own shot back again*. instead of the lumps of hammered iron, to which he ordinarily treated us, we changed our tactics, and favoured himself thenceforth with shell instead of solid shot.

Of course that night on picket we had innumerable alarms, for as long as there are soldiers in the world, so long will they insist, while on sentry, on dark nights, in the presence of an enemy, in mistaking cows, stumps of trees, dark bits of shadow, and the rustling of the wind through the long grass, for advancing foes. And so surely as they do will there be heard either the sharp crack of the alarmed sentry's rifle, or a hurried whisper of "Stand to your arms!" to rouse one from one's slumbers, when one jumps up, peers into the darkness for about ten minutes, momentarily expecting to hear the whistling of bullets, and eventually discovering that the approaching enemy existed only in the sentry's fevered imagination, upon which one lies down again, mentally consigning said sentry to a place unmentionable.

On one occasion that night, however, we were much surprised by hearing some sharp firing going on *in our rear*, and by bullets pinging past us, or falling at our feet. What could it mean? Could the enemy have got round us? Oh, moment of horrible suspense! it was pitch dark, nothing could be distinguished; we stood to our arms, and brought one of our guns into action to the rear, in order that we might be ready for them, and then set to work to discover the interpretation of this mystery. It transpired that our

ready, the word was given, and away we go. The Rifle Brigade throw out a cloud of skirmishers, the sharp crack of whose rifles ere long told us that our work had commenced; we were now advancing towards a thick wood, over some open, but broken ground, and a very pretty sight it was—the green-coated Riflemen running quickly forward, and springing actively over the rugged nullahs and streams which crossed our path, loading and firing as they go, and ever and anon completing with the bayonet the work which the bullet had left half-finished. After advancing thus for some three-quarters of a mile, we find ourselves at the entrance of a dense jungle occupied by the enemy; the skirmishers are checked for a moment; we bring our guns into action, and bang! go half a dozen shells, whistling and crashing through the trees and long high grass, bursting inside with a loud report, and scouring the wood effectually; this precautionary measure enables us again to push on. “Hark forward!” and away we go, the little Riflemen dashing into the high vegetation, followed by the rest of the column, and pop! bang! crack! crack! with now and again the ping of an inimical bullet, soon tell us that the enemy are about.

It is strange work this jungle fighting, where you know nothing of what is going on around you; where, for aught you know, sly gentlemen behind bushes may have their fingers upon the trigger which, once touched, would send you tumbling from your horse, a corpse; where foes and friends, Highlanders, Riflemen, and Sikhs, alike are lost to view among the trees, and

—crack ! bang ! in quick succession, as a shower of bullets rattle in among the disorganized rabble whom the shells have driven from the village, and who are fleeing for their lives, few of them turning to exchange shots with their assailants.

Hark ! to that cheer—a wild tally-ho. What ! is this, then, fox-hunting ? No—but not unlike it, only more madly and terribly exciting even than that—it is man-hunting, my friend ! and that cheer proclaims that we have “found.” Hark ! to that quick volley which follows it, with death in its every note ! See here and there a flying Sepoy, and here and there a dust-stained, still warm corpse—see, through the trees, the bright-glancing barrels of the deadly rifles as they are raised to deal the fatal blow ; see the dark plumes of the Highlanders, and the grey turbans of the Sikhs, and the red coats of our men flitting to and fro—see that soldier fiercely plunging down his bayonet into some object at his feet—see, is it not red as he uplifts it for another blow ? Raise yourself in your stirrups and look down and behold that living thing, above which the steel is flashing so mercilessly : is it a dog, or some venomous and loathsome reptile ? No—but a human being : it is a man who lies at that soldier’s feet—a man disguised with wounds and dust and mortal agony, with blood gurgling from his lips, and with half-uttered curses upon his tongue, who is dying there ; and the reeking bayonet is wiped hurriedly upon the grass, and the killer passes on, to drain, in the wild excitement of his triumph, every drop of that cup of blood which this day

should think) passed away out of our sight. I must, however, do the leading files - i.e., those who were furthest from danger—the justice to state that their bearing was much more philosophical and calm than that of the hindermost, among whom, I regret to say, there appeared to be a *little* more pushing and indecent haste than there should have been.

The Bengal Fusiliers have been pushed forward, and advance at a “double” across the hot sand; but, arriving at the house breathless and exhausted, they are unable to take a steady aim, or do as much execution as might have been wished, and Pandy escapes comparatively scathless, though some few of them fall beneath the deadly Enfields to rise no more, and lie writhing in deadly agony among the mud cortages away there to the right. The 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, some Highlanders, Sikhs, and three guns have pushed on in the mean time yet farther to the right. From our position over the river we get a sight of the enemy (the body above mentioned) hurrying away below us, and we are enabled to bowl a few shot very pleasantly among them—a performance which accelerated their movements considerably; while the rifleman are keeping up a steady fire on the buildings on the opposite bank, among which stands conspicuous the celebrated Secunderabagh.

There is splendid view of the city from this point, its domes and hundred temples, the vast courts of its places, the fine structures of the Shah Nujeef, Tara Khottee, Mess-house, Kaiserbagh, and Chutter Munzil, or old palace, by the water's edge, and many another

CHAPTER XVII.

Fight at the "Yellow Bungalow"—Captain St. George—Sharp Work—A Frightful Scene of Cruelty—Capture of the "Badshah Bagh"—The Ghoorkas—Engagement of March 11th—More Jungle-fighting.

AT last we found that could be of but little more use here, and our guns were withdrawn to make room for heavier metal, the siege guns having been brought down for the purpose of pouring a reverse fire on the enemy's entrenchments. We therefore retired, and stationed ourselves as spectators near the "Yellow Bungalow," where a fierce combat on a small scale was still going on. In the lower story of this house were some ten or twelve of the enemy, who had either not been aware of their comrades' departure at the time the bungalow was evacuated, or had purposely remained behind with the fanatical determination of dying in the defence of the place; but be the real reason what it might, there of a surety they were—a dozen or so of desperate men, for whom there was now no escape, and before whose eyes the bright-eyed houris of paradise were already waving their green scarfs and beckoning to eternal bliss. They occupied, as I have before said, the lower story of the house

completely through his body, from his chest to his back, whence it was afterwards cut out, being found buried very little below the surface. It was of course imagined that he was mortally wounded, no hopes whatever being entertained by the doctors of his recovery, and keen was the sorrow we all felt for the loss of an officer universally beloved in his regiment and by all who knew him. But I am happy to say that he has since gone home, with every prospect of ultimate recovery, and I sincerely trust, ere these sheets are published, that he will have obtained in Old England a return of health and strength, and have got over the effects of his frightful wound; a result which, under Providence, may be attributed in a great measure to the "pluck" and cheerful spirit which he exhibited throughout the whole of the weary period when he lay hovering between life and death. A young officer of the Sikhs (Anderson, I think, by name,) was killed in this house while endeavouring to expel the desperate occupants, but his life, like that of several other brave men who were killed here, was laid down in vain, for still did the few who remained inside hold out.

At last, General Outram, seeing that it was death to any one to attempt to enter, and thinking that enough lives had been sacrificed in the attempt, ordered some guns to be brought to bear on to the house; five accordingly came into action, and fired about twenty shots, in quick succession, at the windows and doorways of the building, and as the smoke of the last round cleared away, the Sikhs, who had been held in readiness for the purpose, received the signal, and dashing forward entered the house *en*.

weaker and more feeble every moment, were, from their very faintness and futile desperation, cruel to behold. Once during this frightful operation, the wretched victim, maddened by pain, managed to break away from his tormentors, and, already horribly burnt, fled a short distance, but he was immediately brought back and placed upon the fire, and there held till life was extinct. It was his last despairing effort, and very sad to see ; but I thought it sadder still that those hoarse, choking cries for mercy should have been disregarded as they were ; his shrieks, his agonized convulsions, his bitter anguish alike unheeded ; that those upturned eyes, searching for pity in the swarthy faces which gazed with savage pleasure on the frightful scene, should have searched in vain, and that so—with the horrible smell of his burning flesh as it cracked and blackened in the flames, rising up and poisoning the air—so in this nineteenth century, with its boasted civilization and humanity, a human being should lie roasting and consuming to death, while Englishmen and Sikhs, gathered in little knots around, looked calmly on. No one will deny, I think, that this man at least adequately expiated, by his frightful and cruel death, any crimes of which he may have been guilty.

Such was the state of excitement and rage that the Sikhs were in from the loss of their officer, that I firmly believe it would have been quite impossible to prevent this act of torture ; and that many did make the attempt I have no doubt, but the whole business was done so quickly, and with such noise and confusion, that, to me who beheld it from a short distance (occupied as

—With seats beneath their shade

For talking age and whispering lovers made ;

there were stone tanks and fountains, and marble baths (the sight alone of which refreshes one); and dark, secret hiding-places, where naughty “beebees” carried on their little witcheries, and set mamma, or the proverbial “big brother,” at defiance ; while a million summer insects were for ever buzzing noisily around ; long shady walks, too, where the scent of citron and orange-blossoms hung heavy on the air, till the whole place was redolent (as some one graphically expressed it at the time) “of a strong odour of Arabian Nights.”

Such was the place in which, after a sharp fight, our troops found themselves—not, however, to lounge indolently beneath the shady trees, or to indulge in a pleasant *dolce far niente* and dreamy reverie in the cool rooms of the palace, as the luxurious couches and chairs, with the generally indolent character of the place, would naturally prompt one to do, but to continue the work of death in which, since daybreak, they had been engaged, and to screen themselves by rough barricades, or as best they might, from the heavy fire to which they were exposed. In fact, during the whole day, fighting, more or less, was kept up in and near the Badshah Bagh, from which place, however—once in our possession—the enemy found it impossible by even the most strenuous efforts to drive us. And so the day came to a close, and evening fell, and found us in possession of the whole of the villages, buildings, suburbs, detached houses, and walled gardens on the left of the Goomtee, from the point at which

Nujeef, Kaiserbagh, and other of the enemy's strongholds, and so pave the way for their capture. These great results had been attained with an almost miraculously small loss of life on our side, while it is probable that sustained by our opponents was considerable.

I may here mention that, a few days previous to this, Frank's column and Jung Bahadoor's Ghoorkas had joined the army, and taken up their position on the extreme left; and it will perhaps be as well to take this opportunity of informing my readers what part the Ghoorkas took in the capture of Lucknow. From my own knowledge, I do not speak, but I will merely relate the substance of a conversation I have repeatedly held with officers who *have* had the opportunity of judging, thus: "You were near the Ghoorkas at Lucknow, tell me what they did." "What they did—that is easily answered—nothing!" Nor have I ever been able, though I have taken some trouble on the subject, to get any other reply; so that I fear these *soi-disant* desperadoes, these much-talked-of, bloodthirsty little men, of whom I had often heard it said, "By George I just wait till the Ghoorkas get among the Sepoys with their kukeries" (long curved knives), must have somewhat disappointed their admirers. It seems probable, indeed, that if we had waited until they "got among them with their kukeries," we should have had to postpone offensive operations *sine die*, for, if the truth must be told, these diminutive gentlemen proved failures, distinguishing themselves more by their dirtiness than their devotion, their boasted gallantry being of a

advanced. Skirmishers were pushed forward, and two guns brought into action abreast, on the road, to riddle the woods with case-shot, and so drive out our hidden foes. Again were the scenes of the day but one preceding enacted—that sort of confused banging and popping on all sides which I have before endeavoured to describe, with the difference that this time the Pandies *did* stand for a while, secure in their invisibility, and popped at us in return.

What noise and wild confusion and excitement then prevailed, what a smell of gunpowder, and what hurrying about of skirmishers, and bursting of shells, and the like ; and yet from this mass of chaos how clear and distinct do certain little incidents stand out in my memory : the flitting Pandies as they dodged about among the trees, their white garments making them visible for a brief moment, and then they were gone ; the loud ear-splitting boom of the guns, as round after round of case-shot went tearing from the muzzles, crashing through the brushwood ; the hot and dusty skirmishers leaning against trees in order to steady their aim ; the constant cracking of their rifles, a sort of running accompaniment to the noisy guns ; the whistling of bullets, which came thick and fast among us ; the contorted form of the dead Sepoy lying out there on the road in front, ghastly enough ; next a burly gunner, while in the act of sponging out a gun, with a sudden start, would turn white and giddy, and stagger, wounded, to the rear : then the short fragment of conversation which ensued : “Man hit, sir.” “Badly?” “No, sir ; shot through leg.” “Put another man

hit, I imagine, by some stray shot, while endeavouring to escape from us; and this to my mind is one of the most melancholy features of the war, that so many comparatively innocent beings should have suffered, as many have done, and that so little distinction should have been made between the cowardly mutineer, red-handed with the slaughter of women and children, and the Oude villager, or "budmash," who, whatever other acts of injustice and rapine he may have committed, and whatever his private character, cannot be said to have been guilty of rebellion, nor had done any of these deeds, but simply taken advantage of a great revolt to strike a blow for his country, which we had taken from him, and who was fighting—whether wisely or not is another question—with at least a show of right upon his side, and in a cause which was not wholly vile. I do not mean to say that we did wrong in shooting down, *in open fight*, any man, Sepoy, budmash, villager, be he whom he might, that used arms against us; but I do mean to say that it would have been more satisfactory, if for the people of Oude—Sepoys excepted—there had been some mercy and quarter, that they at least should be treated as fair enemies, and that, unless proved to have participated in, or connived at, the murder of Englishmen, captives of this class should not necessarily be put to death, but treated as prisoners of war usually are. At the time of the capture of Lucknow—a season of indiscriminate massacre—such distinction was not made, and the unfortunate who fell into the hands of our troops was made short work of—Sepoy or

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Musjid—*En avant*!—A Large “Bag”—Capture of the Stone Bridge—Loot—Capture of the Iron Bridge—Should Officers be Executioners?

AFTER going some distance through the wood, we came to a large and handsome Musjid, with an extensive walled garden attached, and altogether presenting a formidable appearance. Here, surely, we thought, the enemy must make a stand; but no, ere the gate was blown open, the bird had flown, and, without a struggle, it fell into our hands. It was a place which might certainly have been held for some time, and which, if they *had* defended it with any amount of resolution, we might have had some trouble in taking; but Pandy, ever true to the maxim that “he who fights and runs away, may live to fight another day,” had, as I have before said, made his exit directly we approached.

The 1st Bengal Fusiliers were left to guard this important post—situated at the meeting of four cross roads—and to complete the clearance and capture of the surrounding houses; while the rest of the force continued its route, still moving through jungle and wood, and in many places through burning sand; still firing at flying

An order to push on quickly was given, while companies were detached from the main body to assist the skirmishers, who were *unable to kill fast enough*, so numerous were the foe !

How vividly do I remember this moment, perhaps the most exciting in my life !—how clearly do I see the regiments running forward to join in the work of slaughter—how clearly hear the deafening din, the shouts now of terror, now of triumph—how clearly see the Sepoys, as they fled in wild affright, throwing away arms, clothing, cooking-pots, and all or aught soever that might tend to hamper their movement ; while, ever high above the tumult rose the cheers of our men, as they drove the enemy before them like so many hares, and shot them down by dozens as they went. Following them up, we at last emerged from the wood into an apparently boundless plain, over which a multitude of men were flying for their lives, at a frantic pace.

We had now captured two guns, several colours, and a quantity of arms, while the slaughter of the enemy must have been really immense, to judge from the way in which their bodies strewn our path, so thickly that the gun wheels at times passed over them ; but this “bag,” successful as it was, was not yet complete ; our bloody offering at Bellona’s shrine did not yet suffice. “Kill ! kill ! kill !” was still the burden of the cry ; “bring forward the guns !” and away we roll in hot pursuit after the scattered fugitives—away, jolting and bumping, at a mad gallop, leaving infantry and supports far behind—away, over a country which, through level to look

We were therefore ordered to retrace our steps, upon which the enemy, with much boldness and spirit, seasoned with bluster, bringing out a gun or two, treated us to some long shots immediately they found our backs were turned ! But they did no damage, and we marched on, taking a slightly different route from the one by which we came, and going *direct* towards the Musjid, instead of making a *detour* as before. On our way, we passed through a large village (where we destroyed immense stores of powder and half-finished gun-carriages, and other munitions of war), which, in its then deserted state, "afforded an eligible opportunity for parties" fond of looting to indulge this propensity. I am bound to admit that the British soldier proved himself equal to the occasion, and lully appreciated his position, to judge from the way in which he burdened himself with articles of every conceivable nature, and of no conceivable value. If I recollect right, fowls were great favourites, likewise pigeons and green parrots ; some men positively smothering themselves with these feathered captives, presenting, I fancied, somewhat of the appearance of AEsacus, the son of Priam, Cygnus, Daedalion, and other mythological heroes, (who, according to Ovid, underwent an ornithological transformation,) when in the intermediate stage, and while the metamorphosis was as yet incomplete. Others, again, bore along in triumph a chaotic mass of tobacco, glass, lamp-shades, books, bits of silk, scent bottles, plates, brass pots, and utensils of all descriptions ; of which, if the quality was inferior, the quantity amply compensated, there being, on a rough calculation,

back with us for some distance, but only to lose two of them again ; these, *vi et armis*, made good their escape, and I caught a farewell glimpse of one of them, as head down, tail erect, he disappeared down a road and charged the 79th Highlanders, much to their consternation. There is an amount of lively facetiousness, which is anything but pleasant, about bullocks even when they recognise you as their liege lord and master, but all the saints defend me from them when serving against their will ! Their humour is then too grim and determined to contemplate without a shudder. When we got back to the Musjid, which we had taken possession of in the morning, the bulk of the force was sent back into camp, a sufficient number remaining behind to furnish pickets and guard the ground we had taken.

And now let us turn to the left column, and see what they had been doing all this time. This force, which consisted of the 2nd battalion Rifle Brigade, 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, and Green's Sikhs, with three guns of Gibbon's battery, had advanced, after leaving the Badshah Bagh, towards the Iron Bridge, through a series of intricate streets and narrow winding lanes, under a galling cross-fire from the enemy, who, hidden in the surrounding houses, were able, with comparative impunity, to annoy us rather seriously. However, they did not make any determined stand, except in isolated cases. Here and there the small garrison of a house would be seized with a sudden access of courage or fanaticism, and defy for some time our efforts, generally succeeding in killing several of our men before we could drive them out ;

and fortifications included in this space. True, the citadel of the place, on the elaborate defences of which so much labour had been expended—the Kaiserbagh—was still uncaptured, but we already had our guns busily at work, rendering it untenable. A constant and deadly fire of shell was fast destroying the large and beautiful buildings composing it, and making cruel havoc among the fair mosques, and gilded domes, and ornaments with which it was replete.

I spent that night on picket at the Musjid above mentioned, much of our time being passed in shooting or hanging prisoners taken during the day; or men whom our soldiers, while wandering about in search of loot and adventure, discovered lurking near, and hiding in the old houses and gardens in the neighbourhood. Many a poor wretch breathed his last at this spot, dying, for the most part, with a calmness and courage worthy of a better cause. I am sorry to say that, in one instance, an officer took upon himself the office of executioner, and shot with his revolver two prisoners whom we had brought up to him in a cold-blooded, deliberate way, which was most repulsive. I do not mean to infer that the men were unjustly put to death, for, independently of this being a time when no quarter was given, there was the additional argument that we were then occupying a very exposed and important post, surrounded by the enemy, and it was but justice to ourselves to exert the utmost vigilance, and adopt the extremest precautions, treating as spies any whom we might find prowling about near our position. That these two men were

CHAPTER XIX.

On Piquet at the Iron Bridge—"Loot"—"Kaiserbagh" Captured—The Fight in the "Engine House"—Horrors of War—The Little Drummer Boy.

ON the morning of the 12th March we were ordered down to the Iron Bridge, there to remain, a sort of permanent piquet, for several days. The enemy were still keeping up a smart fire of every description of missile, from round shot to matchlock balls, upon our side of the bridge, doing however but little damage, for we, as well as the other troops stationed down here, were not called upon to do more than guard the position. For this purpose it was scarcely necessary to expose ourselves, except occasionally, when the enemy by an increase of bumptiousness and much firing, made it advisable for us to favour them with a volley; or, by bursting a shell adroitly among the buildings where their sharpshooters found shelter, check the outburst of impetuous valour in question. Their principal fire, however, was directed upon the batteries of heavy guns to the right and left of the bridge, and it required no slight exertion on the part of a detachment of our infantry, picked shots, and told off for the purpose, to keep down Pandey's fire sufficiently to

glittering tinsel, value twopense, which might present itself. All day long and for many days did the sound of axe and shovel continue, while hot and extremely dirty British soldiers laboured excitedly at and under the floors of those stifling, musty rooms, turning up now an old brass pot, and wondering if it was gold, and now some bit of the crystal pendant of a chandelier, and never doubting but that it was diamond. In spite of an extensive system of mining, very little of any value was found, the principal discoveries consisting of crockery and glass, and among other things several plates bearing the mark and number of H.M.'s 32nd regiment, which had evidently been plundered at the time of the first outbreak at Lucknow. In one house was found a large store of clay-toys, purporting to be models, but practically being caricatures, of guns, swords, and other warlike weapons, intended I suppose for the purpose of implanting in the infant mind of young Oude the rudiments of the science of shooting, and of fostering in the breasts of the noble youth of that province an early love for war and its appliances. It is not to be supposed that the Sikhs were content with such trash as I have just named for loot—that these masters of the art of plunder were to be satisfied with clay guns and nautch girls' silk pyjamas, no! in the *dhoties* (or waist cloths) of the corpses which lay thickly strewn about here, did they carry on their researches, bringing to light occasional rupees, gold *mohurs*, and sums of money of frequently no despicable amount. This, together with the picking of one or two respectable bungalows in the neighbourhood.

the street, and so run the gauntlet of the enemy's fire, exhibiting during this trying period an amount of terror very entertaining to behold. Their fright we increased sometimes (to our shame be it written) by throwing handfuls of stones close to their feet, which, such was their dismay and confusion from the variety of noises and perils wherewith they were surrounded, they readily mistook for showers of grape, and were driven by this appalling conclusion almost into hysterics. If, at any time, some one of a bolder nature, or less suited for rapid movements by reason of obesity, a corpulent Khansamah or Baboo, for instance, thought fit to put on a stately and unruffled demeanour, as he stalked across, we immediately took stronger measures, and rolled swiftly towards his legs, a round, black, wooden pipe-bowl (used by the natives), which, while in motion, and especially to a mind in a high state of nervous excitement, bears a strong and terrifying resemblance to a cannon-ball, and which never failed to have the desired effect. Dignity was not proof against the pipe-bowl—Bob Acres stood revealed—away went courage and corpulent khansamah at a rush, in a state of inconceivable dismay. It may be remarked that the amusement was considerably heightened if the missile was made actually to strike the shins of the victim, when he of course concluded that he was mortally wounded, and seemed much surprised, on arriving at the opposite side of the street, to discover that life was not quite extinct.

On the afternoon of the 14th, we received information that Sir Colin had taken the Kaiser-

a discharge or two of grape from which *must* have made some havoc among our advancing troops.

I shall always think that it was a pity not to have crossed on this occasion, when we might, with a very small loss on our parts, have struck a heavy and decisive blow, and effected immense destruction among the enemy : coming upon them, as we should have done, while they were in a state of confusion and depression from the loss of their grand stronghold, the Kaiserbagh. I imagine few among us regretted more than General Outram himself that the orders he had received were so positive and precise, as to prevent him from leading us over to the attack. Our hearts, which at the thoughts of action had jumped up into our mouths, now quietly subsided into their proper places; the various applications we had made in our excitement to the brandy-flask, might have been spared for all the profit they were likely to be to us now; while further applications had to be made to prevent the excitement from subsiding too quickly, and in order to let us down, as it were, easily. Pulses slackened their racing speed. Into a respectable jog-trot—the heavy fire died away into the usual occasional and uncertain popping, bursting out, however, now and again, into great loud angry volleys, which became less frequent towards evening, as if the guns had been suffering from intermittent fever, from which they were slowly recovering; till at last we fell back into our primitive state of listlessness, and were obliged once more to have recourse to our old amusement of

here : the blue and white uniforms of the Bengal cavalry soldier were mixed up with the red coats of the Sepoys of the Line and with the dark blue of the "Goolundaz" (or Artilleryman), while others were dressed in the plain, white cotton clothes usually worn by natives. Equally various were the weapons wherewith they were armed—matchlocks, muskets, old cavalry sabres, tulwars, and pistols, flashed before the eyes of our men as they entered, and drove the surprised rebels, cowed and trembling, before them into another small inner room. A fierce interchange of volleys was now carried on through the open doorway, the men on each side watching their opportunity to deliver a hasty shot round the corner of the door, without exposing themselves. This, however, could not last for ever, and after some time, Captain Francis, the officer in charge of the party, ordered all his men to load ; they then made a rush through the doorway upon the foe, and in spite of two of our men being shot, and two more cut down, they succeeded in effecting an entrance. A desperate fight now took place ; the small room was so crowded by the enemy, who were as thick as standing corn, that there was hardly space to move, our men having literally to mow their way through this living mass,

"And like reapers descend to the harvest of death ;"

plying their bayonets busily and unceasingly : blow succeeding blow—flash following flash, in quick and deadly succession, till they had hewn for themselves standing room out of this mass of struggling, bleeding, panic-stricken mutineers.

feebly replied to those murderous volleys which were striking them down by dozens.

The scene of horror at last began to draw to a close; the shots becoming less frequent, told that the work of death was nearly over, while our man, exhausted and sated with carnage, were firing a few last shots down the pipes, and among the machinery, to put an end to the small number of Sepoys remaining, who were attempting to hide therein. Just then, as though to magnify this overwhelming accumulation of horrors, a fire broke out in the building, the beams and door-posts of the room having become ignited from the constant discharge of fire-arms, and the flames communicating with the clothes of the dead and dying Sepoys who lay piled on one another on the floor, and spreading rapidly, owing to these clothes being in great part cotton, soon reduced the whole, as it has been described to me, to a sickening, smouldering mass of disfigured corpses.

When I add, moreover, that mixed up with, and among these corpses were several *living* Sepoys, who had hidden themselves underneath the dead bodies of their comrades, in the hopes of so escaping the general slaughter, and that these wretched creatures were thus roasted alive, my readers will agree with me that it would be scarcely possible to imagine a more terrible and ghastly scene.

The number of the enemy killed in these rooms amounted to *three hundred*; while fifty or sixty more fell outside the buildings in endeavouring to escape, having fallen into the clutches of the remainder of the 20th Regiment, and the two

with an uncontrollable desire still further to distinguish himself. Drawing his small toy sword, for it was little else, he threw himself with a sort of shout into the building the enemy occupied ; his horrified comrades tried in vain to stop him ; the rash act had been done too quickly and unexpectedly for any intervention to avail, and once committed, no human power could have saved him ; hardly had he set foot within the house when he fell, and the poor child's body was ruthlessly hacked to pieces where it lay.

So much for this day, the 14th of March, the evening of which saw us in possession of what may be looked upon as the Citadel of Lucknow ; and though there was much remaining to be done, several more strongholds to be captured, the great mass of streets and buildings composing the vast native city to be cleared out, still the Kaiserbagh once in our hands, it was not likely that the remaining operations would be either prolonged or difficult ; as indeed the result proved.

exposes than conceals, but withal a desperate longing to begin. The Bridge during the night has by us been to a great extent protected from the effects of a cross fire, by means of an embankment of planks and earth hastily thrown up on either side; and I cannot help viewing this proceeding much in the light that a tight-rope dancer may be supposed to behold the sprinkling with fresh sawdust of the arena in which his agility is about to be displayed—an operation which though soothing when regarded from one point of view, is apt to suggest, which unpleasant distinctness, the horrors which such precaution is intended to mitigate, but which one feels, alas! it is unavailing wholly to avert.”

. Later in the same day I find the entry.—“The attack is again put off; a report that the Pandies are bolting is current; orders issued for the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, 79th, and 1st Bengal Fusiliers, who will be joined by some cavalry and artillery, to be in readiness to march to-morrow morning in the direction of *Seetapoor*, there to cut off, or cut up, or cut down, or attack the fugitive rebels, or do something of the sort. * * * * The heat is really becoming tremendous, number of flies terrific, amount of mosquitoes at night unbearable, and the whole affair generally unpleasant. The stench from the dead bodies is also terrible, there are some hundreds of them buried about the village every day; but under ground or above ground is all the same; the stench of a dead Sepoy would baffle the most strenuous sanitary measures, and the atmosphere is rapidly becoming pestilential; so much so, that

in the thigh. It seems that the sentry having heard somebody moving about the house, had challenged, and receiving no answer, fired, and shot the poor old wretch in question in the leg. He was brought out, and soon surrounded by a noisy, gaping crowd of soldiers, who clamoured loudly for his immediate execution; expressing themselves in language more remarkable by its vigour than either its elegance or its humanity. "Ave his 'nut' off," cried one; "Hang the brute," cried another; "Put him out of mess," said a third; "Give him a 'Cawnpore dinner,'"* shouted a fourth; but the burthen of all these cries was the same, and they meant "death." The only person of the group who appeared unmoved, and indifferent to what was going on, was he who certainly had every right to be the most interested: I mean the old man himself, whose stoicism one could not but admire. He must have read his fate, a hundred times over, in the angry gestures and looks of his captors, but never once did he open his lips to supplicate for mercy, or betray either agitation or emotion; giving one the idea of a man rather bored by the noise and the proceedings generally, but not otherwise affected. His was a case which hardly demanded a long or elaborate trial. He was a native—he could give no account of himself—he had been found prowling about our position at night; stealthily moving among houses every one of which contained a quantity of gunpowder, and where, for aught we knew, and as was more than probable, mines may have existed, which a spark dropped from his hand

*The soldiers call six inches of steel a "Cawnpore dinner." The expression needs no further explanation.

in stifling those generous throbbings of the heart, nay, even in overcoming that love of fair play which is usually so characteristic of Englishmen, and which is a point on which as a nation we have always prided ourselves. That this war has had, in great measure, such an effect is undoubtedly the case, and perhaps one hardly to be wondered at, if the earlier scenes and horrors of it be considered; the Sepoys have none but themselves to blame that they have found no quarter; and their misdeeds entailed a large amount of misery on comparatively innocent people. The Oude people have, as I observed in a former chapter, been invariably confounded with the mutinous and blood-stained Sepoy; and a spirit of ferocity arose among our men whenever they recalled the tragedies of Cawnpore, Delhi, Bareilly, and fifty other places, which little disposed them to discriminate between one black face and another. It would scarcely be reasonable to expect a man whose wife had been put to death with every atrocity and indignity conceivable—whose children perhaps had been crucified,* and whose home made bare and desolate, to retain in his breast any merciful feelings towards those who had thus wronged him, or to forget and forgive, when his day of triumph came, the cruel deeds of his enemy while *he* had had the upper hand. But however easily deducible the cause of the above-described bad

* I have before expressed my opinion as to the torture alleged to have been perpetrated, entertaining no doubt that it had in many cases been inflicted, and I have heard nothing since that time to make me alter that opinion.

diately got our guns into action again, and blazed away at the foe vigorously, the riflemen on picket abetting us by keeping up a hot fire from the roofs of houses, but the range (about one thousand yards) was too great for us to do much more than frighten them; this, however, we did most successfully. It was highly ridiculous to see, now a body of infantry, now a horse artillery gun, and now a detachment of cavalry, scampering across the bridge as fast as their own or their horses' legs would carry them, while the Enfields rattled out their sharp and never-ceasing volleys, and our field guns joined their harsh voices to the growing din and clamour. Some said that the enemy were flying, others that this movement on their part meant that they were about to endeavour to get on our right flank and attack us, and a dozen similar reports were current.

About noon, the 23rd, 79th, and 1st Bengal Fusiliers (whose march to Seetapore had been countermanded, and who during the morning had crossed to the right of the Goomtee, by a rough bridge of boats which had been hastily thrown across the river, some distance below the Iron Bridge for that purpose) appeared on the opposite bank, advancing rapidly and driving the enemy before them, killing large numbers as they came, and capturing, among other positions, the old yellow, shot-riddled ruins of the far-famed Residency. The streets up which they were advancing brought them at last to one extremity of the Iron Bridge, where a brass nine-pounder gun of the enemy's fell into their hands, our victorious troops continuing their course unchecked towards

CHAPTER XXI.

Scenes in the Streets and about the City—Tragedy and Comedy—A Sketch at Eventide from the Iron Bridge—The Residency—Lucknow is Ours at last—A Legend of the Iron Bridge—Remarks on the Siege of Lucknow, with some criticisms which it is hoped may not be considered presumptuous.

WE had now two field guns and one eighteen pounder on the Iron Bridge, and were keeping up as heavy a fire as we could upon the Stone Bridge, across which the enemy continued to pass and repass, and also upon the buildings which they still occupied, while the whole scene became intensely animated and exciting. A desperate fusilade was kept up on all sides, bodies of troops might be seen constantly pressing forward to the attack along the narrow streets—now hid from sight by the houses, now rushing with a cheer of triumph up to some building larger than usual, and driving the Sepoys panic-stricken before them. Smoke and flames were rising up from several quarters of the town which had caught fire, heightening terribly the general effect. The Stone Bridge presented a scene of confusion glorious to behold, owing to the crowds of the enemy, who in every garb and variety of uniform were passing over it, the greater number in head-

send a bullet through the poor wretch's head, and so put him out of his misery. There were many sights this day of an almost equally awful description; but none which has remained so indelibly impressd on my memory as this one.

Sepoys who had been dragged from their hiding-places, lay stretched in the open street, with their throats cut from ear to ear, and with every gaping wound exposed, by the nakedness of their bodies in all its depth, breadth, and hideousness. Nearly every house had been the scene of some short but desperate tragedy; up every lane and turning lay two or three bodies; and frequently on entering a house did one stumble over, and start back from, the mangled remains of one of its miserable defenders.

It was quite a relief to turn from these scenes to the English soldiers, who, extremely dirty, dusty, and hot, with their months black with powder, their faces radiant with triumph and wild excitement, were toiling along under heavy loads of loot, buried in silks and gilded cloths; a dozen chickens strung on their firelocks—their havresacks full of pigeons, or green parrots—and probably leading a rebellious goat or two behind them, quite indifferent to the fact that said goats were on the verge of strangulation, owing to the tightness of the running noose round their necks, by which they held, and which their struggles for freedom in no wise tended to relax. Sometimes a man, out of whose head *all* ideas of discipline had not been driven, would pass by and make a desperate effort to salute you from beneath his plunder, struggling to free a hand for the purpose, or in happy forget-

among shady trees, and pleasant villages, and rich cultivation, must have satisfied the most fastidious spectator, and realized whatever of ideal and beautiful his "mind's eye" may have suggested to him in connexion with the "glowing East." Turn towards the Stone Bridge, and behold on your right the small villages, imbedded in jungle and fine trees, which line one bank of the little stream; then to your left, and see the stately city with its hundreds of domes, and masses of buildings, clustered confusedly together, and almost bewildering one by their extreme grandeur; turn here, turn there, and on each side behold, in the rich, mellow light of sunset, scenes ravishing in their beauty, and in which, sketched, as they for the most part are, by the pencil of that cunning limner Nature, no touch or tint of loveliness is wanting.

Did you ever, my friend, look on a charming view through a telescope, on the glasses of which there were a few black spots of dirt, or perhaps some slight flaw? if so, you will know how, whichever way one turns it, the flaw remains there still; however fair the view which one is examining, the little spot will constantly appear in the midst of it, to mar its beauty. So it was as I looked on Lucknow, each picture had its spot. War with his dreadful finger had daubed the canvas, and left his mark upon it everywhere. There was the old Residency, battered and deserted, recalling long months of stubborn courage, patient endurance, and anxious suspense; its ruined walls marked with many an honourable scar, and speaking with mute eloquence of the scenes of death and

Durwaza") was in our hand ; our troops were revelling in the rich loot of the "Choke Bazaar," or turning it into money, by selling it back to its original owners, the Jewish merchants, who, with outstretched trembling hands, and quivering lips, were bidding for and buying back again *their own goods*. The following morning, the last building of any importance—Hoseinabad, with its beautiful ornamented gardens, gaudy pagodas, tombs and statues, fell into our hands ; the immense native city, composed chiefly of squalid lanes and closely packed houses, stifling and stinking, and into which light and air hardly appeared to penetrate, was nearly deserted, except by fowls, old women, pariah dogs, and a villanous budmash or two who remained behind, in the hopes of getting a sly shot from the top of a house, or from behind a corner, at an unsuspecting "Feringhee". A few of our troops who were ordered to march through the streets, in order to make a military demonstration and go through the form of taking possession, described it as being like a "city of the dead." But of these operations I am not qualified to speak ; the capture of Hoseinabad of the Dowlut Khana, and the "Moosa Bagh,"—the bursting into a room in the last-named palace of some of our troops, and there finding the Prime Minister of Lucknow, with his throat cut, and just breathing his last, having been murdered by the Moulvie—the flight of the enemy—the fruitless, and, I fear, mismanaged pursuit of them by our cavalry—the failure of all attempts to capture either the Begum or the Moulvie, of these things I was not an eye-witness and only know of by hearsay, so that I fear,

roused in the first instance by seeing her mysteriously picking up little bits of rag and rubbish, and making small heaps of them with no apparent object, were subsequently strengthened by her continually hovering round their fires, as though watching her opportunity to carry some away unawares. This led then to wonder and inquire among themselves as to who and what she could be, and so strong was this feeling—fostered possibly by her witch-like appearance—that one of the sergeants went to the officer in charge of the picket, and reported the case. The officer knowing how prone men are to make mountains out of mole-hills, and, for want of other occupation, to imagine all sorts of ridiculous and undefined dangers, laughed at the sergeant's fears, and told him just to keep his eye on the woman, and see that she got possession of no fire, but not further to interfere with her; that perhaps she was half crazy, and it was improbable that she could do any harm, with more to the same effect. The sergeant then returned to his comrades, and nothing more was thought of the matter until about ten o'clock the following morning, when the old woman was nowhere to be seen; a search was instantly ordered to be made for her, and at last she was discovered in a house hard by, in a little back room or closet, which was full of shot and shell, and a quantity of rubbish and dirt.

The old hag, when found, was in a stooping posture, bent nearly double, with her head almost touching her feet, as though she were picking up something, and *she was quite dead*. Close to her hand lay a piece of cotton, like a candle-wick,

undoubted, and the details, which I took some trouble to get correctly, I heard from an officer of the very regiment which was on picket at the time when it occurred.

I have now said all I have to say about the capture of Lucknow, which my reader will have seen was effected in eighteen days, viz., between the 2nd and 19th March, (both days inclusive,) and with much less difficulty and loss of life on our side than the most sanguine of us could have expected.* It is easy to trace the causes which produced these satisfactory results, and chief among them—whatever may be said to the contrary—must be placed the masterly plan of attack which Sir Colin Campbell and his generals had devised, and the perfect maturity to which these plans, in the minutest details, had been brought. The *trans*-Goomtee movement was in every way an important and successful one : as I have before stated, it enabled us to take the enemy's defences in reverse, and enfilade ; it distracted and divided their attention, and gave us an opportunity of effectually shelling their strongholds before assaulting them ; it exposed them to a severe cross fire—their left flank was constantly threatened by it—and by keeping them continually under the apprehension of having that flank turned, and their retreat cut off, it had much to do with their relinquishing so easily position after position, until the whole were in our hands. To these primary causes must be added the careful way in which each separate

*I believe the loss on our side was not more than 1500 *horses-de-combat*.

repay the amount of time and labour bestowed upon each of the various operations composing them. Indeed I do not think we can do better than to describe this failing of Sir Colin's by one word—pre-Raphaelitism, towards which he seems to have a strong and unconquerable leaning; and as in painting this school has by no means produced our most successful artists, so in war, its disciples have never risen to the greatest eminence, and in neither science has it produced such triumphant results as a bolder and a freer style has effected. My space will not permit me to discuss this subject more at length, and I am, moreover, fearful of being considered presumptuous in thus venturing to criticise the performances of a General of Sir Colin Campbell's known ability and experience.

the best, and prove, alas ! in many instances, to have an amount of brick in their composition which is neither fairy-like nor angelic. The beauty of the magnificent gardens departs when one enters them, and they present the appearance of a bad Gremorne seen by daylight, and without even a grotto with its beery hermit to cheer one's lonely way ; while the statues placed here and there by way of ornament turn out to be execrable and very indecent productions of some Hindoo Phidias. In fact, the whole affair is a delusion and a snare, and never was the expression, " 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view," more applicable than in this case.

But though we may not admire the Kaiserbagh, on better acquaintance—though its glories fade one by one when we examine them—though we may stand aghast at the Vandalism which meets one at every turn, at the vile taste which daubs absurd, flaring pictures on the outer walls of the king's own apartments, like a Greenwich show, and which knows no higher standard of beauty than the crowding together as many little finnikin pagodas, gew-gawy bridges over contemptible little tanks, and miserable tinselly decorations as space will admit—though one laughs hystorically at the grotesque carvings and the monster fish, meeting like a pair of eyebrows, which in their capacity of the Oude crest, are painted, and sculptured, and plastered on every gateway—still, spite of all this, a visit to the Kaiserbagh, shortly after the capture of the place, well repaid the trouble, if it were only to see the ruin and destruction which here reigns

the lofty council chamber, the king's stable and the innermost and most mysterious recesses of the love-breathing Zenanah, alike bore on their walls the British soldier '*hys marke*' done in the blackest charcoal and biggest characters, or scratched with the point of his bayonet, with a startling prodigality of capitals.

When a few days after this, we, with a number of other troops, were ordered to take up our quarters in the Kaiserbagh, the old walls presented a most extraordinary appearance : accoutrements hanging in festoons upon the painted walls, and muskets resting in the niches where statues were wont to dwell ; artillery horses picketed across the gardens ; the English linesman lounging indolently in his shirt sleeves about the long corridors, and discussing his "tot" of rum and his rations in the chamber where kings had banqueted ; or taking his siesta on the couches whereon the dusky beauties of the Oude court reposed in days gone by their dainty limbs, while the smoke from his black 'cutty' scented the air once redolent only of musk, and sandal wood and well-flavoured spices, or rendered dim the light of chambers sacred ere-while to love, and may be, scandal ! Oh, Lucknow, how is thy glory departed !

The number of dead bodies lying about the place was very great ; and though the Quarter-master-General (on whose department this unpleasant duty devolves) had taken some six hundred Sepoy corpses out of the Kaiserbagh alone, still, when we took up our residence in the place, our men were continually making complaints

ever from the red-coats and glittering bayonets, and relinquished with scarce a struggle that almost impregnable citadel, with its much-laboured and extensive fortifications, are facts to which any one who was present at this siege will readily speak. So may rebellion and mutiny ever meet with their deserts !

In a ride about Lucknow, however, there are many other places, as interesting, if not more so than the palace, some attractive by reason of the associations connected with them, others from their extreme beauty, which, unlike that of the Kaiserbagh, was such as would bear inspection ; specially among the former was the Residency.

I will not attempt a sketch of this celebrated spot, for it has been so often and so ably described by members of its illustrious garrison, that most of my readers must be conversant with its appearance, and at the time of which I am writing the greater part of it was in ruins. But it was, and ever must be, an interesting place to an Englishman, and I was fond of riding amidst its yellow, shattered walls, with a friend who had had the honour of being one of its defenders, and who pointed out to me all the most noted buildings in it. That long, windowless, shot-riddled ruin, for it is little else, was the hospital ; this old, haggard skeleton of a gateway, pitted with bullet marks, and with the ragged plaster dropping bit by bit from its sides, as though it were dying by inches of the thousand wounds which it had received in our service, is the well-known "Bailey Guard Gate ;" the Racket Court—the house which the ladies occupied ; Mr. Gubbins'

how are past services forgotten, or disregarded, when the storm has ceased, and the stout old ship which rode out the gale so nobly, looked on almost with contempt, when we lie snug in port, and our eye is caught by some new launched vessel with freshly painted sides, and clean trim look—and how beautifully has our Great Poet expressed this, when he puts into the mouth of Ulysses those noble lines :—

“Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand ;
And with his arms outstretch’d, as he would fly
Grasps in the comer ; welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing.”

I have said that some of the places in Lucknow were attractive from their beauty, and the “Great Emanbarra” may be cited as an example. This magnificent place of worship is something between a mosque, a cathedral, and a palace, to arrive at which one has to ascend a succession of fine broad flights of stone steps, and terraces, when one finds oneself in a labyrinth of lofty halls, like the naves and chancels of some enormous church. In my opinion it as far surpasses in beauty any other buildings of Lucknow, as its tall and beautiful minarets exceed all others in height. The view from the top of these minarets was one of the most charming I ever beheld, and fully repaid one for the exertion which one had to undergo to obtain it, than which I hardly know how to give it *higher* praise. It was very interesting thus to obtain a bird’s-eyeview of the whole of this fine city, fourteen miles, or thereabouts in extent ; and to see at a glance the Kaiserbagh, the Tara Khottee, Furnut

about them, and they have such ever-changing prismatic tints, like shot silk, as they lie beneath the blue, unclouded eastern sky, basking in the sunlight ; ever flashing and sparkling, like champagne, in the brightness of their beauty, or continually dyeing the warm sunny rays, as they receive them, many lustrous hues, and then, like a polished mirror, reflecting them back more resplendent than before, that they throw all the European cities I have ever seen far into the background.

I have now little more to say about this interesting city, save that ere long it resumed its busy aspect. At first a few miserable deformed beggars, then an old woman or two, with a few equally old men, were the only people who ventured to return ; but, by degrees, the inhabitants flocked back to their homes, where they, very possibly, found their furniture rather out of repair, and their household goods and goods in some confusion. In some cases it is not improbable that there was a little difficulty in finding—say, the teapot (if Hindoos ever use such things, which they don't ;) nor should I have been surprised to hear that a few little articles were missing, the spoons for instance, when we take into consideration how many British soldiers with easy consciences, and nimble fingers, prone to loot, had had the run of the town, for so many days, with free admission into every house.

Fuller and fuller every day did the city become, till the deserted streets were thronged once more ; and when last I rode through the "Choke" Bazaar, filled as it was with shops, and merchants ; with strings of commissariat camels and elephants ; with gangs of coolies returning from, or going to

CHAPTER XXIII.

Reaction—Great Heat—Job's Comforters—Cool Centri-
vance—Languor—Up and Doing again—The Summer
Campaign in Oude—The March.

HARDLY had Lucknow fallen, when a fresh disposition of the army was made, one large column moving off towards Bareilly for the purpose of clearing Rohilcund; another returning towards Cawnpore, and the south-east corner of Oude, while a third was appointed to remain in Oude, under the denomination of the "Oude Field Force;" and a fourth, consisting of two troops of horse artillery, two field batteries, two companies of garrison artillery, the "Bays," a quantity of irregular cavalry, the 20th, 23rd, 38th, 53rd, and 97th regiments, two regiments of Sikh Infantry, and a proportion of engineers, were posted in Lucknow, as a garrison, or to be available for operations in the neighbourhood, if necessary.

With this last-named body of troops it was my fortune to remain.

Now came the terrible reaction consequent on all the excitement of the last few weeks: it was the calm which succeeds the storm; and the hard work which the men had been engaged in now began to tell on them painfully. The heat too was becoming almost unbearable: the thermometer stood at 100°, the hot winds were beginning to sweep like the blast of a furnace over the face of

doorway, and had *bhistees* (water-carriers) continually running to and fro with pig-skin (yclept *mussocks*) full of water, wherewith to drench them; we invested in bottled beer at the ruinous price of twenty-four rupees (2l. 8s.) the dozen, and made strenuous, but in most instances futile efforts to reduce its temperature to something below 90°; we adopted the lightest attire consistent with decency, and so arrayed, "or," to use the words of old Spenser, "rather disarrayed," lay on our backs from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. daily, panting like dogs, and longing for the moment when the blazing sun should disappear beneath the horizon, and leave us, comparatively speaking, cool. But all these preparations were in vain; higher and higher rose the thermometer, fiercer and fiercer blew the hot winds, till visions of congested livers, with a course of blue-pill and blisters, floated with unpleasant distinctness before our eyes; the punkah-coolies too were another constant source of annoyance, from their very lax notions of duty, and the fanatical devotion with which they worshipped the god Morpheus; in fact they were like a series of Pickwickian Fat Boys, whose shortcomings in the way of pulling the punkah, and long tarryings in the arms of the above-named drowsy deity, kept one in a perpetual fever of impatience and bad humour, which, combined with the hurling of boots and other missiles at the delinquents in question, throughout the night, did more to heat one than the punkah did to cool. The *bhistees* likewise seemed completely to ignore the fact that they were engaged for the purpose of wetting our tatties, and were for ever absenting themselves at

sufficient to support us as far as Bunnee Bridge, (about twelve miles from Lucknow), at which place we joined the column in question.

Our force consisted of McKinnon's troop Bengal Horse Artillery, Gibbon's Field Battery, Royal Artillery, Talbot's company of Royal Artillery, with heavy guns and mortars; the 7th Hussars, some Irregular cavalry, a few Engineers under Major Nicholson, the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, the 38th and 90th regiments, and one regiment of Punjaabee Infantry: amounting in all, I suppose, to about three thousand men. Our route lay towards Roy Bareilly* (Oude), which place I have no doubt it was intended we should capture, had not circumstances, which I shall mention hereafter, occurred to prevent us.

About the end of April, we marched from Bunnee Bridge; the heat was terrific, the thermometer at this time ranging at midday in our tents from 110° to 114° , and even at daybreak standing as high as 100° .

Had it not been for this we might have enjoyed the march; even as it was, I think it was pleasanter than remaining passive in Lucknow, for our way lay through an extremely pretty country; in some places long shady avenues of mango trees, through which, as one peeped into the leafy distance beyond, one half expected to see fair creatures in spotless muslins, and undeniable hats, tripping lightly along to welcome us to a jolly old English Hall, the Elizabethan turrets of which should have been visible between the dark branches, while deer should have been browsing on the lawn,

* This must not be confounded with the Bareilly in Rohilcund.

untenanted, and the streets being generally deserted, except by the peaceable part of the population, who squatting toad fashion before their doors, as is their wont, gazed at us as we passed with a sort of stupid wonder, which might have been the offspring of imbecility, or sulkiness, or both combined, but they did not seem to trouble their heads further about the matter. It is not impossible that many of these peaceable-looking natives were Sepoys or budmashes upon occasion, but they were too wise to think of disputing our passage, or showing fight now; and so we went roaming on through jungle and woodland, villages and rice fields, day after day, in this stifling Indian summer weather, hot, weary, and disgusted, nor ever came upon such a thing as a Sepoy or his shadow; though, to make matters worse, we were always supposed to be quite close to large bodies of them, and in daily expectation of meeting some ten or twenty thousand in mortal combat, being told at nearly every village we came to, that our foes had quitted it only the day before, or thereabouts, till our hearts sickened with "hope deferred."

It would have been all very well if only our hearts had been affected, and we felt inclined to say with Touchstone "I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary;" but, unfortunately, our livers began to follow the heart's example, and our constitutions generally exhibited various weakly symptoms. The heat, fatigue, and exposure told with terrible effect upon our little force, and this dance which the

CHAPTER XXIV.

A Day in Camp during the Hot Weather Campaign—The Heat—Morning—Noon—Night—A Weary Time—Our Meals—A few Words about Beer—Dress and Appearance of the Troops—I give Vent to my Feelings in a Growl.

LET me sketch a day in camp ; it will serve to give an idea of what our life was. I will take one neither better nor worse than many others, let us say May 4th ; we are encamped near a village called Morawon, rather a large place, with disgustingly narrow streets, and a bad smell. Well, it is 9 A.M. our day's march is concluded, the camp is just pitched, and we are lying down exhausted in our respective tents ; the thermometer by this time is about 106°. Rendered irritable by heat and fatigue, we are making the lives of a large number of black servants burdens to them ; we have—that is I have—twelve of these gentlemen who all appear to be hard at work, and yet are unable to give me satisfaction, or to do things quickly enough.

I regret to have to record that, within five minutes of the time to which I refer, I have thrown a boot with diabolical precision at my bearer (or *valet-de-chambre*) who is smarting in consequence, and seems inclined to be sulky ; I have hurt the feelings of my "*Kulassie*" (or tent man) by calling him in his own vernacular "a pig," an epithet, be it observed, which receives additional force in India

A DAY IN CAMP.

I have an unpleasant consciousness that he looks upon us as a sort of large sponge, to be squeezed, and pour forth rupees, at his pleasure, while I feel bound to confess, as I recall these time, that his view of the case was by no means an incorrect one.

We stroll into the mess-tent, feeling in this hot weather that the wing of a butterfly grilled would be a sufficient meal, and there on a rickety camp table is laid out a repast so terribly substantial as to throw one into a yet more profuse perspiration: a tough spatch-cock; curry made principally of the necks and shins of chickens, and in consequence scarcely satisfactory; a beef-steak of the most horrible description; some doubtful eggs; and a dish of gigantic things, called "beef-chops," which look appallingly like mutton chops seen through the magnifying medium of a night-mare, and one of which would inevitably prove fatal to a boa-constrictor; such form the groundwork of our entertainments at a time when weary, hot, and appetiteless, our stomachs turn loathing from any but the lightest and most delicate food. During breakfast of coolies stand behind us with huge fans, and, as we are hard at work throwing ourselves into a profuse perspiration with hot tea, they are as busily engaged, though not so successfully, in endeavouring to keep up cool, till calling for a light for our cheroots, we return to our tents, there to lie down again panting on our beds. No books either to while away the time, or at least but a limited and well-thumbed supply—a *Shakspeare* and an old *Tom Jones* were my sole companions in the book line; the former was one of those horrible small print editions which ought

supposed to be cleaning, and given up as futile all attempts to appear busy. Under a neighbouring tope of trees are six elephants, equally lazy and sleepy, and goaded nearly to madness by insects (for strange as it may appear, that coarse black skin of theirs is not proof against that tiny tormentor, the mosquito); every now and then taking up a quantity of sand with their trunks, they throw it over their broad backs to drive away the flies, or by way of cooling themselves, squirt water over their bodies; anyhow, they are very restless and uncomfortable, now standing on three legs, now on four, awaying to and fro, flapping their great ragged ears, putting their trunks into their mouths and pulling them out again, or amusing themselves by picking up single straws at a time, by way of proving that their trunks have not forgotten their cunning, and regaling themselves on these straws deliberately, as a sort of hint to their keepers that they want their dinners; but this little *ruse* is lost on the keepers, for they are fast asleep too, and so very nearly is a pariah dog, who, with his tongue lolling out, and his eyes half shut, sits at a little distance, lazily watching the elephants, and looking as if he were making faces at them. There are some crows sitting on a tree, with their *beaks wide open, gasping for breath*;* and a flock of goats have made up their minds that it is much too hot to browse, and following the example of the herdsman, who is, or ought to be, tending them, have got beneath the shade of some trees, and gone to sleep; the native cooks, very

* Improbable and ridiculous as this may appear, it is, nevertheless, a fact.

thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron, and the Lord shall make the rain of thy land powder and dust.—(Deut. xxviii. v. 23, 24.)* It seemed almost as if we, in our own selves, were doomed to realize the intense meaning which these nervous, glowing scripture words conveyed; and as we saw fresh victims daily laid in their graves beneath the shady mango trees hard by, and saw the strongest among us stretched helpless as children on the bed of sickness, we might perhaps be pardoned for thinking despondingly at times that even the concluding words of that curse—*from heaven shall it come down upon thee, until thou be destroyed*, were about to be worked out and accomplished.

But, let me not forget the flies! As one lies wearily tossing about on one's bed, so hot as to tempt one to doubt the possibility of ever getting cool again, these small evil spirits keep one in a continual paroxysm of rage; as the old lady in *Punch* says :—

"They settles on your noses, and they whizzes in your eyes,
And they buz-wuz wuzzes in your ears; oh! drat them nasty flies,"

and you smother yourself by covering your face with a pocket-handkerchief in an attempt to escape them, and throw yourself into a yet more profuse perspiration by endeavouring to capture or kill them, it is needless to add, without the least success.

There is another evil also which must be borne, and "grinned at" if possible—I mean "prickly

*These pillars of dust are familiarly styled "Cawnpore devils."

trating everywhere and everything, and for the none placing you in almost utter darkness, and leaving, as it passes over, a thick, gritty coating of dust upon every article in your room or tent, till even the sheets on your bed are brown, and you could easily write your name upon the pillow. The discomfort of the hot weather will perhaps be better appreciated when I state the fact that even these horrible dust storms are looked forward to and enjoyed as a temporary relief, cooling as they do the atmosphere for the time.

If you are a tiffin-eater, you generally find, about one o'clock, some viands of a coarse and heating description laid out for your repast, the *Khansamah* having carefully prepared, as at breakfast, the most substantial and least tempting food which he is acquainted with ; and after turning up your nose at everything on the table, you return to your tent and your cheroot, and again fall into that languid listless state against which there is no struggling.

About 4 P.M. as the shadows lengthen, matters assume a somewhat livelier aspect, the syces begin to wake up, and soldiers appear at the doors of their tents, yawning ; the dear old lazy elephants are led away to bathe in some neighbouring tank, and the pariah dogs get up and walk about with a show of activity, and the horses are taken "to water," while here and there among the tents flit the graceful figures of the "*doodh-wallees*" (women who sell milk) in their snow-white, almost classical, cotton garments, supporting on their heads with a pair of the most shapely arms in the world, bare and bronzed, and glittering with simple ornaments,

rendered into English mean : I say, syce, take hold of that horse's head and clean his legs ;" and, "Look here, you cook, if I don't have my tea at four o'clock, I'll &c., &c."

Dinner-time comes at last, and with it a repetition of the horrors of the preceding meals, only exaggerated. A native imagines that quantity, not quality, constitutes a good repast ; and nothing would convince our *Khansamah* that we by no means felt inclined to eat a whole leg of mutton each, or that we had the tastes of civilized beings, and not the appetites of cannibals, or wild beasts ; the great and redeeming point of this meal however is beer, the beverage *par excellence* of Indian communities, and in which, astonishing to us "griffs," the old Anglo-Indians "hob and nob," and drink one another's healths. A crule day it was when our supply of beer ran short ; woe to the mess to whom this misfortune occurs ! very few visitors will it see ; and the guests who do present themselves, wax morose on discovering the fact, as men who have been decoyed by an unworthy artifice into a pitfall.

Night comes presently ; night hot proportionally as the day, when enveloped in shirt, pyjamas, and perspiration, you toss sleepless for hours on your bed ; night made hideous by yelling jackals and pariah dogs—now distressingly wide awake—by camels, with that diabolical noise of theirs which I have before described, between a groan and a gurgle ; by *tom-toms* ;* by the droning

*A sort of native drum, whose excruciating sound bears about the same unpleasant proportion to that of an ordinary drum, that the pain of gout does to that of rheumatism.

in India is brought to a perfection which it seldom or never attains in Europe or other countries, and, barring the heat, it may be called "warfare made easy."

As regards the appearance of the troops on these occasions, the less said the better. Under any circumstances, the wicker helmet used by the men is by no means a becoming head-dress, giving an appearance to the wearer of being extinguished ; but, when to this is added that the greater part of the troops marched, on account of the heat—hear this, ye lovers of stocks and belts and pipeclay !—actually in their shirt-sleeves, like a lot of insurrectionary haymakers, or that those who wore a coat at all, had one of faded *karkee*, in which dye and dirt were so incorporated, and mixed up together, as to produce a neutral tint, far from gorgeous ; I think it will be admitted that our appearance must necessarily have been more remarkable for its novelty than its beauty. Alas ! private John Smith, of H. M.'s—Regiment, how different a man art thou from the smart, red-coated soldier which thou appearedst when whispering "soft nothings" into the ears of blushing, buxom housemaids at home ; very silly must be the housemaid with whom thy blandishments would prevail now, John Smith—scarcely worth the wooing would be the spinster who could listen to aught out of that wicker helmet ; far and wide mightest thou go in that dust-stained *karkee* coat, I fear me much, before thou wouldest find a Sally to smile upon thee, my badly-dressed friend. It often occurred to me at this time how aptly we might have said with Henry the Fifth (only

MACAULAY ON INDIA.

peculiarities ceased to interest us ; elephants palled upon us, and camels had long ago become an eyesore, I might add an ear-sore too ; jackals we discovered to be nuisances ; our familiarity with monkeys had generated contempt, and pariah dogs invariably inspired us with a longing to throw stones at them ; bullocks we looked upon as bores ; and even the wild pigs and peacocks of the jungle no longer afforded us amusement. In fact, the many strange scenes which India presented to the new comer, those scenes which Lord Macaulay in one of his admirable Essays has portrayed in a sketch, at once so graphic and suggestive, that I cannot refrain from inserting the passage :—"The burning sun, the strange vegetation of the palm and cocoa-tree, the rice-field, the tank, the huge trees, older than the Mogul Empire, under which the village crowd assemble, the thatched roof of the peasant's hut, the rich tracery of the mosque, where the imams prays with his face to Mecca, the drums and banners and gaudy idols, the devotees swinging in the air, the graceful maiden with the pitcher on her head, descending the steps to the river-side, the black faces, the long beards, the yellow streaks of sect, the turbans and the flowing robes, the spears and the silver maces, the elephants with their canopies of state, the gorgeous palanquin of the prince, the close litter of the noble lady," all these things were strange to us no longer, and we had tumbled "neck and crop" into the "Slough of Despond," whence the view we obtained of the glowing East with all its bright and dazzling asso-

CHAPTER XXV.

Doondiakera—Night March to Nugger—May 12th—Ravages of Sunstroke and Apoplexy—The Fight at Simaree—Serious Night Alarm and Panic.

THE morning of may 10th found us at Doondiakera (or Doondea-Kheyra) on the Ganges, a village notorious from the fact of one—and only one—of the boats full of Cawnpore fugitives having succeeded in getting thus far down the river in safety, when by order of one Ram Buksh Singh, talookdar or chief man of the district, they were attacked by hundreds of the natives who lined the banks.

According to the account given by Mr. Gubbins in his book on *The Mutinies in Oude* (he having heard it from the lips of one of the survivors), the affair seems to have been as follows: the boat grounded, and the wretched victims, fourteen in number, landed to endeavour to drive off their enemies. Overpowered by numbers, however, they were forced to take refuge in a small temple, close to the river, where they held out for a considerable time, till their foes contrived, by lighting a fire round the building, to force them to take refuge in flight, and, as a last resource,

bullet-marks and blackened by fire ; and, sad reminiscence of the tragedy here enacted, a human skull, lying, with a terrible significance, among the dust and rubbish of the deserted buildings. Destructive measures were immediately commenced, the fort and temple blown up, the village burnt, and Mr. Ram Bukh's property generally given to the dogs.

Two days sufficed for this, and on May 11th we received orders to be in readiness to march at midnight ; where to, what for, was of course unknown to us. My recollections of this weary night march are, that nearly all the troops lost their way in the pitchy darkness ; and that we wandered about in a state of much confusion and sleepiness, among gloomy jungle, and labyrinths of mango-trees, for several hours ; that there was a succession of stoppages and delays, and a good deal of stumbling into ditches ; that we became entangled, and, as it appeared for some time, inextricably, in a mud village, remarkable for nothing but its filthiness and a certain unsavoury effluvium ; that the baggage, as seen through an obscure medium of darkness and drowsiness, presented an appearance of anarchy, the reverse of satisfactory ; while the elephants and camels looked like the distorted shadows of people who were trying to go through a "Country Dance," without knowing the figure. At last, morning broke, and, judging from our fatigue, we imagined we must have travelled some fifteen or sixteen miles, when, behold ! we had reached *Nugger*, a place only about eight miles from Doondea-Kheyra, and at which we had halted on May 9th, *en route* to the latter place. Here we

the neighbourhood, the rest of the column marched off, glad that at any cost they should at last have the opportunity of coming to close quarters with their slippery foes. Few who belonged to this column will ever forget that day—how the scorching rays of the sun beat through helmet, cap, and turban, and struck down by dozens the healthiest and strongest among us; how, still cheered by the prospect of a fight, the men kept gallantly on, stepping out with a “pluck” and determination which cannot be too highly praised, scorning to murmur at the torture (for it was little else) which they were obliged to undergo. One after another, however, the doolies filled with wretched men in all the convulsions of sunstroke; one after another, sergeants came up and reported some fresh victim. With some, the attack was only temporary; in a few hours, or days, or weeks, they recovered; others lingered perhaps till evening, or the next morning, and then sank into their last long sleep; but many fell, almost as if they had been shot, and in five or three minutes were no more. Never before had we seen sunstroke in all its horrors, and a more appalling spectacle it is difficult to imagine than beholding, not one, or two, but dozens of strong men lying speechless and insensible, gasping and jerking with a convulsive, tetanic action; while *blhistees* standing over them, vainly strive, by saturating their heads with cold water, to arrest the sands of life that are running out so fast—to see the person with whom you are talking, suddenly turn pale and sick, and fall reeling to the earth, like a man in a fit, and to hear a quarter of an hour afterwards that he is

alas ! it was far otherwise, the sun had fought on the side of the enemy, a more potent ally than shot or steel, and before his deadly rays, above fifty British soldiers went down that day, to rise, no more, and 160 (in all) were placed *hors de combat*. The 38th Regiment alone buried twenty men in twenty-four hours, and the other regiments and crops lost proportionately ; our list of casualties was thus sadly swelled, and a gloom thrown over us, as the excitement wore off, which a dozen such victories as this one of Simeree would have failed to dispel ; for it was a barren victory at the best ; the action terminated too late to admit of pursuit, even supposing the men had not been too much exhausted, and General Grant being fearful lest the baggage should be attacked in his absence, was more inclined to return that night to our original camping ground at Nugger, than to follow up the enemy. It is difficult, in fact, to see what we gained by this victory : the slaughter of three or four hundred Sepoys, at the expense of between seventy and a hundred British soldiers, was an advantage too dearly purchased to be satisfactory, nor did the capture of four miserable guns, or the so-called "moral effect" (which with a people who look upon running away as the natural consequence of fighting, is hardly of much account), compensate us for the losses we sustained by sickness and sunstroke. However, it perhaps showed our foes that no circumstances of climate, however disadvantageous, could daunt English courage, and that even now, in the heart of the hot weather, we were actively scouring the country, and fighting battles, as eagerly as if the thermometer had been at 60°.

officers, and by a notion gradually dawning upon the minds of the men, as they became wider awake, that there was just a possibility of the whole being a false alarm, a hypothesis strengthened momentarily by the non-appearance of the enemy, who had been so strangely imagined to be among us, order was in some degree restored ; and everybody, rather ashamed of themselves, dropped quietly into their proper places in the ranks, and the calm which proverbially succeeds the storm, ensued ; many a head throbbing the while painfully from the intimate acquaintance which, in the *melee*, it had formed with the butt-end of a comrade's musket.

There were worse mishaps, however, than headaches, in the shape of bayonet wounds, for which the men had to thank one another ; a shot wound or two similarly occasioned ; and one, at least, serious accident with a revolver, an officer having unhappily (in an attempt to defend himself from a rampant soldier, who would insist on mistaking him for a Sepoy, and knocking him down accordingly,) shot himself through the leg ; and last, but not least, a wretched native bullock-driver was killed, having been shot through the head with a pistol, by mistake.* Had it not been for these serious consequences, and the somewhat disgraceful nature of the whole affair, it would have been more laughable than anything else, some of the incidents having been of a most

* In the Rifle Brigade alone there were as many as seven casualties, scalo and bayonet wounds, caused during this panic, and inflicted by comrades ; while, I believe, every regiment had similar specimens of misplaced animosity.

of the preceding day as it beat down upon their heads, and that in consequence of this, and the excitement and other predisposing causes above mentioned, their overwrought brains might be said to be temporarily affected—an insanity thus brought on by the sun, instead of the moon.

So ended the 12th May, which will long be remembered by those who belonged to General Sir Hope Grant's column; memorable alike for the little skirmish of Simerce, the terrible ravages of sunstroke, and the tragi-comical panic which I have just described.

The following morning the column marched back to Nugger, and there rejoined the baggage and sick, who were by no means sorry to see them return, having during their absence been most perilously situated, constantly expected an attack, and debating the possibility of making any effective resistance in their crippled, and comparatively defenceless position.

that place probably not exceeding as many hundreds as they had thousands. The presence therefore of our small column in the neighbourhood would prove a great additional protection; so it was proposed to encamp us under trees at the "old cantonments," on the left bank of the Goomtee, and by building straw roofs to the tents endeavour to make the temperature of these our canvas habitations more tolerable, and by digging drains, &c. &c. prepare for the coming rains.

Our march back to Lucknow was the same weary, hot, unhealthy business as our march thence had been; and the number of sick increased to such an extent that our doolies did not suffice to carry them all, and *hackeries* (or country carts) had to be employed for the purpose. Nothing eventful occurred to mark this time; we saw no more of the enemy, nor of their proud boast that having defeated us, they should pursue us hotly (they were careful to pursue at a very respectful distance!) and the only thing I recollect which broke the monotony, was another false night alarm, happily unattended with the serious consequences of the former. I have a dim recollection of being roused about midnight by a diabolical noise, and clattering of arms, and of a sentry rushing to my tent and vociferating in a voice husky with emotion, "The Sepoy cavalry are in the camp;" of jumping out of bed in a state of great mental aberration and excitement, and of hearing, the while, unceasing and hideous as ever, the horrible clatter and yelling which first awoke me,

"As all the fiends from Heaven that fell
Had peal'd the banner-cry of Hell."

May 21st found us back at Lucknow, or rather encamped on the banks of the Goomtee, in the neighbourhood of the Martiniere; and arrangements were immediately made for sending our numerous sick to the general hospital at Lucknow, some fresh troops taking their place in the column.

I was so unfortunate at this time as to be invalided, the exposure and fearful heat of our last march having completely knocked me over; and as we found that instead of encamping quietly for the remainder of the summer, as we had expected, the column was to march off again somewhere immediately, fresh information of the presence of the rebels having been received, I was advised to return into Lucknow, and there endeavour, by rest and quiet, to recruit my health. These arrangements were hardly completed, and the sick disposed of, when the indefatigable General Grant and what remained of his column, again started off, much in the same direction that we had marched before; among other places they revisited a little village called Poorwah, where we had halted for a day or two during our last trip, and where, last time we were there, several men had died of sunstroke, among them a company-sergeant of artillery, who, with some comrades, had been buried under a top of trees in the neighbourhood, a tin plate having been affixed to one of the trees, with a simple inscription upon it, to mark the spot. When the column paid this second visit to the place, it was discovered that during our absence the enemy had opened the graves, defiled them in a most disgusting

hard on him, and we should for the future take more into consideration the provocation he had received—the dread the poor fellow so naturally had of having his caste destroyed, the—Pshaw! why repeat these canting sophistries, which really are quite sickening.

It is not, perhaps, so difficult to understand how this feeling has arisen in England; the reaction of the first overpowering excitement had taken place, and from one extreme people fell into the other; but those who had taken part in this war—who had witnessed the devastation and misery caused by these mutineers—who had heard over and over again the terrible tales of the early days of the outbreak, from the lips of eye-witnesses—who had seen their comrades stricken down by the rebel steel, or by the yet more fatal sickness—who looked daily upon the pale inmates of the hospital, and to whom came, day after day, tidings of some loved friend's death—who had seen the dead bodies of their companions cruelly and horribly mutilated—who had witnessed in nearly every village which they marched through fresh evidences of Sepoy brutality, in maimed and disfigured natives whose only crime was their loyalty—who heard one day of a "dak-runner" being *burnt to death*, the next of a comrade's grave being defiled, and always by these black-hearted foes; those, I say, who had these reminders constantly present before their eyes, were little inclined to elevate their foes to martyrs, or to smother their feelings of deep and lasting animosity.

Nor did familiarity with the general character of the Asiatic particularly incline us to mercy; and

improbable that the guide who served us on this occasion was doing, or willing to do, a good turn to the Sepoys also, and kill two birds with one stone—for he led our column straight up to the centre of the enemy's position, to the very point where they were best prepared to receive us, and exactly where, supposing him to have been in collusion with them, he would be likely to lead us, thinking thereby to place us in their hands, or at least at a disadvantage. But, as usual, Pandy "caught a Tartar," and in spite of every preparation was unable to hold his ground ; He disputed the field, however, more stubbornly than was his wont, and the fight was a sharp one. At one time our small force was completely surrounded by our numerous foes, and the fight was ranging in every direction : a series of determined conflicts taking place in various parts of the field, the most serious of which was one with a body of desperate fanatics, who planted the sacred Green Flag in the ground, and hundreds whose courage had begun to waver, and whose backs were already turned upon the field, gained fresh heart as they saw this emblem of the Moslem faith waving in the air, and gathered round it prepared to die beneath its sacred folds ; but with a wild cheer a battalion of the Rifle brigade threw themselves upon them, and for some few minutes a sharp and deadly strife was waged round the Green Banner : flashing bayonets and keen tulwars glimmering about the confused mass of combatants, while quick shots and cries of anguish, or, at times, a ringing cheer as the little Riflemen steadily fought their way on, and felled their foes

Such was the little battle of Nawab-gunge, a most successful affair from the fact that the Sepoys, trusting in their great superiority of numbers and position, had been so confident of victory that they almost courted the attack, and their total defeat hence came upon them as a sad blow. Their visions of recapturing Lucknow, to which I doubt not this battle, had victory fallen to the other side, was intended to have been a preliminary, faded away once more; and a general gloom was thrown over their force by the issue of this day; whilst it is said—I believe with some truth—that this, our victory, small and meagre as the results may at first sight appear to be, did in reality more to discourage and damp the little remaining ardour of the enemy than any repulse which they had sustained since Delhi fell. At all events there is not doubt that it had a much greater moral effect than was to have been expected; and any little hope which the Sepoys up to this time may have entertained, seems to have died away in their breasts, as they received this fresh proof of how impossible, with every circumstance of numerical superiority and of position in their favour, it was for our grass-cutters, who, cut up by the enemy, but not killed, had managed to crawl into camp covered with the most ghastly wounds. I recollect going to see this man, and never did I behold a more pitiable object; he had one slight cut on the arm, another of a more serious nature down the left shoulder blade, a third, a terrible stroke, diagonally across his stomach from near his left hip to his right breast, and, worst of all, a blow on the back of his neck which had nearly severed the head from the body. A month after he had received these injuries, he was able to walk about! Of course the simple way of life of the Hindoo, his abstinence from meat, and the consequent purity of his blood, are the chief causes of this.

presence with the troops imparting, from the sacred nature of his office, a sort of religious character to the struggle, also one of the most influential.

Such is a rough outline of the state of affairs throughout the disturbed districts of India, at the beginning of July, 1858. How different to what it had been in the July of the year preceding; then mutiny and rebellion stalked in bloody triumph across the land, and anarchy reigned supreme; very feeble apparently was our tenure of India then, as the storm-rack scudded blustering overhead carrying all before it. Here and there, however, even in that sad day, were bits of blue sky to be seen peeping through the dark clouds, as at the Residency at Lucknow; at Delhi, round which the toils were surely though slowly closing; with Havelock's gallant little band, as it fought its desperate way through a network of foes, setting at nought the terrors of climate and sickness, laughing at shot and steel; such were the bright specks on which the eye rested—oh! how gladly! But these were few and far between, and so small that it seemed as though the huge bank of black clouds, looming on the horizon, must inevitably obscure them before long, and plunge all into hopeless, dreadful darkness, while dismal tales of the tragedies of Cawnpore, Bareilly, Jhansi, Futteygurh and a score more places were in all men's mouths; and solitary Englishmen, disguised by suffering, were wandering outcasts about unhealthy jungles, dependant for their very existence on the doubtful hospitality of a few loyal natives. From Calcutta to the Punjab hardly a stronghold

brought to bay at last, he was down now, and with teeth and claws broken or wrenched out, he lay struggling weakly in the grasp of the avenging Lion; scratch and bite as he would now, he could do but little harm, feeble and innocuous fell his blows—the day of his bloody triumph had gone by, and retribution had come at last.

for some days, began slowly to yield a few large, heavy drops, thunder rumbled portentously, and at last, down it came, cool, refreshing, and invigorating : at once everything became animated and endowed with fresh life, horses neighed, goats ba-a-a-hed, men hurried briskly to and fro, and once more every one breathed freely, as a pleasant breeze, smelling freshly of rain and earth, blew in, lowering the thermometer 8° in as many minutes !

It was night when this occurred ; and in a very thin shirt I went out to welcome it, and revel in nature's shower-bath as it came pouring down upon me, while I invoked blessings on the rain the breeze, the thunder, and everything connected with this glorious down-pour, feeling as though a cord which bound me, and the tension of which had been fast increasing to an unendurable pitch, had at last been loosened.

Such are my recollection of the commencement of the rains in India ; I think, by comparison, the most enjoyable moment of my whole existence.

After this first shower we were some days without having more rain ; but at last, about the commencement of July, the wet season fairly set in, and it was soon after this that, having recovered my health, I went out to Nawab-gunge, to rejoin Sir Hope Grant's force, which had remained encamped there since the action of June 13th.

Great preparations for protecting the men from the bad effect of the rains were in progress : raised platforms of earth were being constructed for the tents to stand upon, and the latter were

surrounding country under water, swamping tents, and bringing out whole armies of frogs, who, with the voices of stentors suffering from bad colds, croaked for whole hours with a determined ferocity and gruffness which I never before saw equalled, at least by frogs. In addition to these gentlemen we were honoured with the society of locusts, grasshoppers, white-ants, snakes of various descriptions (but generally harmless), and scorpions. The latter animals were, I think, the most objectionable of our visitants, and I one evening had the extreme satisfaction of discovering a large brown one serenely seated on my pillow, just as I was about to get into bed. Their sting is most painful, and a wound in the finger will cause the whole arm to swell up to an enormous size.

Such was the state of affairs at Nawab-gunge on July 16th, and we were as comfortable in our huts or roofed tents as circumstances would permit, or as people living continually either in a warm shower-bath, or, between the showers, in a vapour-bath, could be, when, to our intense astonishment (scarcely equalled by our delight), an order came for us to be in readiness to march in a few days to Fyzabad, there to relieve our doubtful ally, Maun Singh, who informed us that he was besieged in his own fort, at Shah-gunge, by a large body of rebels and that, unless we went immediately to his assistance, he should be unable to hold out.

Farewell then to our comfortable huts—what palaces they seemed now were about to leave them! farewell to repose and quiet, and once

receiving, as a reward for his services in the same, the title of Rajah ; and the former in a civil capacity, in which, as Governor of Sultanpore, he at one time "held the government of more than one half the province of Oude." "Both brothers," says Mr. Gubbins, "amassed much wealth, and acquired several talooquahs, containing many villages, in the usual way ; but Buktawar Singh having no son, and Durshun Singh possessing three, the landed property became merged into one, and the sons of Durshun Singh succeeded to it." These three sons were Ramadeen Singh, Rugburdval Singh, and Maun Singh. Rugburdval Singh appears to have turned out a failure, and to have obtained an unpleasant notoriety for rapacity &c. &c. ; and with this character he retired from the scene, and went to live at Fureedabad, in the Jounpore district, and we hear no more of him, the family possessions in Oude devolving in consequence on the two brothers, Ramadeen and Maun Singh. The former being the elder, was of course the rightful heir, "but" (I quote here from Mr. Gubbins) "Maun Singh's superior energy and talent led him to be acknowledged as the head of the family ; and the fort at Shah-gunge" (which, by the way, had been built by Durshun Singh his father) "was hold by him, Ramadeen residing much at Benares." Maun Singh now figures rather discredibly in the various intrigues and disturbances which, from time to time, convulsed Oude, and in which he in the capacity of head of the Hindoo party, and representative of the interests of the sacred Brahmin city of Ajoodhea, found himself opposed to the Mussul-

beginning of June (1857) he wrote to Colonel Goldney, Chief Commissioner of the Fyzabad District, warning him of the intended rising of the troops at this station, and promising, if released, to aid the English and protect them in his fort upon this he was released, when he immediately set about preparing his fort for defence, and raising levies. At last the mutiny broke out at Fyzabad—it is a long and bloody tale, which has been told over and over again—and among those who were brutally murdered was the gallant Colonel Goldney, while a few fugitives who, trusting in Maun Singh, had taken refuge in his fort, were by him protected.

However, it did not suit his plans to keep them very long under his protection, for he was playing a double and difficult game, the game of “fast and loose;” he had done sufficient to produce as evidence of his loyalty to our cause in case it should be advisable, while he had not done enough to compromise himself with the Sepoys, should they prove triumphant; so pretending that he could no longer protect the fugitives from the fury of the mutineers, he launched them in boats upon the Gograh, and dropping down the river, accompanied by some of Maun Singh’s levies, they at last—more lucky than many of their countrymen similarly situated—reached in safety the station of Dinapore.

From the position which he held in the country, and from the valuable assistance which it was probable he could afford to us, the most liberal offers were made to him, in case of his remaining

we should shield him from ; and I question if there were many among us who would not gladly have heard of the capture of Shah-gunge, and the death, at the hands of his countrymen, of that Prince of Double-dealers, the Rajah Maun Singh.

faces, general appearance, and bearing, as they careered about on their horses, spear in hand, or galloped forward in little groups of five and six, scouring the country, enlivened the scene considerably, and edded much to its beauty.

The first morning of our march, as I looked upon the surrounding country, I thought that it was, perhaps, better to be enjoying this lovely scenery, with, at any time, the chance of a skirmish, than remaining idle and inactive in our mud-huts. The feathery foliage of the tamarind trees—the dark groves of mangoes—the beautiful date-palms—the dense hedges of the prickly pear—the tangled jungle and brushwood—those chasmingly picturesque mud villages, half fortified, and o’ershaded by stately old trees, with generally a pond in front of them, wherein flocks of bullocks, camels, and elephants are drinking or bathing—the fine old gateways, dilapidated relics of bygone times, more unsettled even than these, which stood in many cases at the entrances of these same little village fortresses—the wide-spreading fertile plains, with the green corn just bursting into life—the mass of camp followers, baggage, elephants, waggons, syces leading spare horses, bheestees collecting round a well to fill their *mussocks*, “grass-cutters” riding along on their hardy little ponies, Sikh Irregular Cavalry, and the Kupoorthulla Rajah’s followers above mentioned, in red turbans and flowing white robes, be-tulwarded, be-pistolled, and be-shielded “up to the eyes”—the karkee-clad English troops tramping along sturdily, the black belts of the Rifle Brigade, the blue cap-covers of the Madras Fusileers, the dust-coloured clothing of

During the march a troop of Royal Horse Artillery, 200 English Cavalry, 200 Irregular Cavalry, and a like number of Punjaub Infantry, were detached from the column, to make a *detour*, and, by executing a flank movement, endeavour to drive the enemy into Derriabad, a village two marches ahead, and where our column, coming upon them unawares, might "give a good account of them." However, the movement proved unsuccessful: the cavalry were absent two days, during which time they were able to do very little. The 7th Hussars cut up a few Pandies, and the artillery fired one or two shots at the enemy, or at some bullocks, they were not quite sure which, but inclined to think the latter, from the fact of a wretched bullock being subsequently discovered with a horn shot off!

On the 24th of July we arrived at Derriabad, where we had fondly hoped to come upon the enemy, but we were doomed to be disappointed; and as we rode through the streets of the large village, almost a town, we found them deserted, except by an old woman, shrill of voice and fiery of eye, who stood resolutely over her hearth and home, prepared to defend it, and who amused us considerably by the energetic way in which she strove to protect two horses, in which she appeared to have a proprietary interest, from "being looted," running first to one and then to the other, as she saw a British soldier, or a Sikh, on plunder intent, approaching either. Besides this aged dame, there was an old fakir, with matted hair, and a naked body not remarkable for cleanliness, who was squatting by the roadside, and appeared

us to hasten on to his relief, we remained two days at Derriabad, not continuing our march till June 26th, and leaving the Kupoorthulla Rajah's followers in garrison at this place. As we approached Fyzabad reports reached us continually of the flight of the Pandies, who, thinking we were getting too near to be pleasant, had already begun to raise the siege.

On the morning of July 29th we found ourselves in the beautiful park-like scenery and among the long avenues of magnificent tamarind trees, with foliage feathery and soft as ostrich plumes, which skirt Fyzabad. Some picturesque old walls, mossy and decayed, and some half-ruined Hindoo temples, with a straggling village or two, stood by the road-side, while crowds of chattering monkeys skipped about the branches of the trees over our heads, or made faces at us as we passed. Here, about two miles short of Fyzabad, we halted and encamped; the cavalry and horse artillery, however, being detached for the purpose of clearing out the town, and following up the enemy, some of whom were still about the neighbourhood; they passed through Fyzabad, an insignificant, dirty Mussulman town, and galloped on down to Ajoodhee, the sacred Hindoo city I have before referred to, and there found a few of the enemy trying to escape across the river (Gograh) in boats. A round or two from our guns quickened their movements considerably, and I believe did some little damage; but they were soon well away, and, as there was nothing left to be done, the cavalry, & c., returned to camp; and thus the siege of Shah-gunge was raised, and Fyzabad,

Civil Commissioner, received him cordially enough ; more so, it struck us all, than there was any necessity for, considering Mr. Maun Singh's past conduct.

The elder brother, Ramadeen, is a fat, babooish, good-natured, oily, commonplace-looking man ; just the person, judging from his appearance, who would be too lazy and inactive to dispute anything his younger brother chose to advance or claim—an indolent Esau, glad enough to part with his birthright in exchange for repose and quiet. A far different-looking man is Maun Singh ; short of stature, spare and wiry, very dark even for a native, short black hair, small but thick black moustache, no whiskers, and with those thin sharp features so expressive of determination and cunning, and not unfrequently of cruelty, which, being pitted with, smallpox, made up altogether about as villanous a countenance as one would wish to see : and never, I thought, had I seen a person whose face was a more faithful reflex of his character. After an interview of about half-an-hour he retired with his suite, and a few days later Sir Hope Grant, accompanied by several officers, rode out to Shahgunge to pay a return visit. My health would not permit me to join this party, but I heard from those who went how they fared, which was badly, as the breakfast set before them, being composed chiefly of nasty dishes saturated with *ghee*,* proved no very agreeable repast after a six or eight miles' ride. In fact, Maun Singh's hospitality does not appear to have been overpoweringly great, and

*Bad butter clarified.

of a serious nature, which it would have been impossible to remove within the short time—four or five days—which had elapsed between the raising of the siege and our visit to the place, and who *must* have lain in Shah-gunge till their wounds were sufficiently healed to admit of their returning to their homes, as we were informed they had done? All this looks suspicious, it must be admitted, and I am inclined to think that, at any rate, Maun Singh had very much exaggerated the whole affair, and indeed several of his men admitted that they had never once been on reduced rations; whereas I have before stated that Maun Singh had sent out to us at Derriabad, stating that they were reduced to quarter rations, which proves at least that one piece of deception had been resorted to, to give a high colouring to the affair. When we, in addition to all this, consider the tenor of Maun Singh's past conduct, his shifting from side to side; the necessity there was for him to give us (now that we had the upper hand) some signal proof of his loyalty, to counterbalance his former repeated treacheries, and reinstate him completely in our favour; the very opportune juncture (all things considered) at which this *soi-disant* siege took place; the admirable way in which a deception of this sort would suit his purpose; the man's character, such as we know it to be, which would render a scheme like this, at once hold and cunning, peculiarly congenial, it is impossible to set totally aside suspicion of Maun Singh's conduct in this business.

However, enough of this precious ally, for ally he is at present, and seems likely to remain, as long as

there being left in garrison there only a few of the "Bays," some Irregular Cavalry, six field-guns, half an English regiment, and the Ferozepore Sikhs.

I shall not attempt to follow the movements of the Sultanpore column further, but content myself with saying that when the heavy guns, after a toilsome march through the mud and wet, arrived at Sultanpore, and opened fire on the enemy, away they went; the first few rounds were enough for them, and they broke off abruptly their bugling and their drumming, and broke away themselves with much alacrity; upon which General Grant, by means of some rude rafts, pushed over his troops in pursuit, and obtained possession, one after another, of the forts, villages, and strongholds on the right bank. A detailed account of these subsequent operations, consisting chiefly of a series of pursuits and skirmishes of an intricate nature, it is impossible for me to give, not having been with the column; moreover, this is perhaps the most fit point at which to conclude the narrative of my military adventures in India, for it was the stage at which the summer campaign may be said to have concluded, and the winter campaign (in which my health would not permit me to take part) commenced.

Any one who will take the trouble to look at the map, will see, at a glance, what was the state of affairs in Oude at this juncture; the enemy's force consisted of two large bodies, one under the Begum, which occupied the Beraytch district, i.e. the portion of Oude north-east of the Gograh; the

CHAPTER XXIX.

How we spent the Time at Fyzabad—A Day in Camp during the Rains—A Dreary Picture—I start on Sick Leave to the Hills—Horse-carriage Dak—Cownpore to Delhi—Visit Futteygurh *en route*.

OUR little force which had been left behind at Fyzabad, amused themselves as best they could, killing snakes, catching turtles and alligators in the river hard by, riding about under the beautiful tamarind trees, or by the little mosques scattered picturesquely along the Gagra's banks, or making pilgrimages to Ajodha to inspect the many curious and wealthy temples of this sacred Hindoo city: the most celebrated of these being that erected to "Hanooman," the monkey god, whose shrine glistened with jewels, and whose grotesque image received all the homage and adoration which fanaticism could bestow. Ajodha certainly was an interesting city, its ancient streets filled with painted Brahmins, of the highest and proudest castes, or with Shy fakirs, who not infrequently paraded through the streets, without rag of clothing on their dirty bodies, while their thick, dusty hair hung in matted confusion over their shoulders, giving them the appearance rather of devils than men. Revolving as this was, there

comfort of a wet day in camp, the state of hopeless despondency one gets into, the . . . But, let me take a page out of my journal on the subject ; I sketched a day in camp in the hot weather, why not one in the rains ?

Le voila : Rain, rain, rain, pouring, pelting, pitiless rain ! the whole country converted into a lake, and the scene out of my tent-door dreary and desolate in the extreme ; the small dry spot which my native servants, by dint of an old carpet overhead, and banks and ditches all round, have contrived to secure, and on which very damp, cold, uncomfortable and crowded, they are squatting with their brass pots, and bundles of clothes, and cooking utensils, situated as it is in the middle of a waste of waters, bears a strong resemblance to a raft, on which a party of shipwrecked mariners are wandering about the broad Atlantic, or some equally wet place.

It is not pleasant to find the shirt you are about to put on furry with mildew, or that you can wring the wet out of your coat, nevertheless such is, at the present time, unhappily the case. The state of rust and damp everything gets into is perfectly miraculous, while as for some little brass images of Hindoo gods and goddesses, which stand on my table, they are rapidly becoming "jolly green," in the most literal acceptance of the term, and much more so than is seemly or natural for divinities. There are great deep ditches, more like canals than drains, round my tent, full to overflowing, and a frog has lately engaged one of them to give an unsolicited concert in, and is croaking out a husky solo, much

"demonition" cold and unpleasant (as Mr. Mantalini would say), and their liveliness being of a forced and ghastly nature is painful to witness. Such is the state of affairs in-doors, but it is as bad, if not worse without ; one or two muddy mortals, strolling about between the draggled, muddy tents, a constant drip, drip, drip, to which all nature bows its head : trees droop, horses, animals, men do the same, and seem to vie with one another as to which shall look the most thoroughly wet through and miserable. Sometimes a horse drawing the picket-posts to which he is fastened out of the soft ground, proceeds by way of amusing himself to (literally) "run a muck," slush ! slush ! slush ! with a huge peg suspended to a rope hanging from his head, and with another from his heels, away across the "lake," over tent-ropes, and through mud,—paying but small respect to those charmed circles, the niggers' cooking places, which it is pollution for the shadow of man or beast to fall upon—till he finally entangles himself inextricably with a picket-line, and is captured ; or challenging another horse to single combat, by neigh, and snuff, and kick, and bite, receives a kick for his pains, which disables him, and he is caught, and led back limping through the mud to his proper place, and there made fast again.

But stay ! —even as I write the rain has ceased, and the blazing sun come out—ugh !—this is worse than ever. A sensation of sitting over a boiler with the lid off. Prickly heat too breaks out more violently than before, and, although the thermometer perhaps does not stand higher than 94° or

by the space between the back and front seats, and by laying down a mattress over all, you convert it into a sort of couch, on which you sleep as best you may. The gharree is drawn by an animal called by courtesy a horse, virtually a sort of raw-boned pony, rather above the average height of Newfoundland dogs or donkeys; this wretched animal, the most travel-worn, uncared-for, unhappy-looking brute imaginable, who looks as if his rations consisted of a straw a day, while his groom cheated him out of that, is generally covered with galls and sores, and it is some little time before one can reconcile oneself to allowing so miserable a brute to perform a task to which he is, apparently, physically unequal. But hearts harden in India generally, and in dak-gharrees particularly very quickly.

All is ready; you enter the vehicle, your servant mounts on to the roof, your Jehu on to the seat, but this latter is, as you very soon discover, merely a matter of form. You shake hands with your friends, shout to the driver to go on, throw yourself back in the gharree, and soundly imagine that the pangs of parting are o'er. Deluded mortal! the smart cracks of a whip are heard, and a good deal of shouting, with other attempts to urge on the good steed whose duty it is to drag you—but the result is *nil*; more cracks of the whip, more shouting—the same result; your driver dismounts from his seat, calls out for assistance to “spoke the wheels,” and the “whole strength of the establishment” is put into requisition to overcome *inertia*; the machine is pushed on a little, and the good steed is pushed with it, at last he begins to exert himself—joyous moment—alas!—his strength is

to be observed by dak-horses, he goes through the same evolutions as his predecessor, before he is kind enough to start, which of course he does eventually.

At last sleep overpowers you, and you compose yourself in your jolting bed, your dreams haunted by spectral horses, raw-boned and sore, who are jibbing obstinately, and the next morning, when you awake, behold you have reached the Ganges at Cawnpore. Swollen and turbid with the rains, the river is difficult to cross; but, with the assistance of bullocks and natives, you succeed, after about an hour and a half, in getting over, when you drive to the Hotel, a dirty place, kept by a native, yeleft Noor Mahommed, but which affording somewhat better accommodation than a dak-bungalow is patronized in preference.

There is nothing particular to notice between Cawnpore and Delhi, a magnificent road—the "Grand Trunk"—and a country level as a bowling-green; you pass temples, tanks and fountains, villages, old forts, and pleasant shady tops of trees; over bleak uncultivated wastes, by broken ravines now filled with muddy rain water; you pass swollen streams, or inundated fields, patches of dal and tobacco and rice, green and flourishing; you sometimes pass—but hold! I am but repeating my description of the scenery which we beheld as we travelled up by bullock train between Rancee-gunge and Cawnpore, *plus* the effect of the rains, and in truth the description which has answered for the one may do well enough for the other. There is a monotony about the scenery on the Grand Trunk Road, from Calcutta to Umballa, which makes it like a revolving, but never changing

them out of the boats at that place, and massacred them. Others more lucky, were taken care of by a friendly Rajah, and escaped with their lives.

Among other places that one passes through *en route* to Delhi is Alligurrh, recalling to one's recollection the old wars of Lord Lake, and the terribly murderous assault which our troops made on the strong Fort at this place, the old walls of which are still in existence.

band of English soldiers whose white tents had glistened on the now bare, brown ridge, away there to the right—the ridge at whose base couch pleasant clusters of bungalows, dark trees, and fruitful orchards, smiling peacefully, and looking from this distance as if they had never known war, nor had been spectators of (and indeed, we may add, sufferers from) the deadly strife then raging around them. Independently of these associations, the *coup d'oeil* is such as at once to command one's attention and admiration ; and, indeed, were I asked, Paris-like, to which of the two towns, Lucknow or Delhi, the golden apple of Discord should be awarded, I would unhesitatingly name the latter.

The river Jumna, now broad and rapid, swollen with rain and melting snows from the hills, and hastening to discharge its turbid waters into the Ganges, and so into the sea, flows under the high red walls and forms an effective foreground to the scene. Enormous adjutants—not military men, but birds—were stalking about the marshes, or collecting round some dainty bit of offal, with that grave air which is peculiar to them ; fine times these birds, with the jackals, vultures, and others of the obscene genus, must have had a year ago about this city ! Bullocks, as is their wont, were bathing with their spines and with only the tips of their black noses and rough horns visible above the water, looking supremely indolent and happy. The hot sun streamed down with terrible force over minaret and dome, palace, temple, and fort : its rays sparkling back in dancing showers of light from the waters of the

ingly pulled up opposite the dirtiest, narrowest, and most unpleasant little lane I ever saw, while the driver, dismounting, informed me that up here stood the hotel. Thinking there must be some mistake, I hesitated about getting out ; but a free-and-easy and rather dirty Englishman, who made his appearance at this critical moment, assured me that this was the place. Glad to find any one who could speak English, I followed him. I have been in several remarkable establishments calling themselves hotels, but never had I entered one so utterly unworthy of the name as this. It was situated in a filthy courtyard filled with broken-down carriages and buggies, and with piles of *debris* of the most mixed, but uniformly dirty description, while the house itself had the air of a marine-store dealer's shop in a bad way. The room which—carrying out the fiction of calling this place an hotel—acted as “Coffee-room,” presented a dingy appearance of chaos, more singular than pleasing. Furniture, new and old, and not a small quantity ante-diluvian ; potted meats and treatises, on astronomy ; faded neck-ties and bloater-paste ; preserved soup and books without backs ; glass lamp shades and rusty knives ; rakish old chairs on three legs, making love to young book-cases with no books in them ; dust also clinging lovingly to walls and windows, doors and chairs, and the articles aforesaid, in a shameless and barefaced manner. In the middle of this a round table, half of which was covered with dust, and the other half with a dirty tablecloth, with, beside it, a dirty khitmudgar, making salaams and requesting you to partake of “all the deli-

with a sad sort of mocking *abandon*, in hopes of attracting attention ; now a knot of little naked boys, rolling one another over in the dust, and playing blithely ; or a beggar, deformed and loathsome, crying out in cracked, discordant tones for alms ; and always a mass of natives in the rose-coloured turbans which seem peculiar to Delhi, and which add to the gayness of the scene ; while the bright, glittering appearance of the shops, which I have before noticed, gives a pretty finish to the whole.

It is pleasant, when the sun has gone down, to stroll along this the Regent-street of Delhi, and mingle with this busy crowd, stopping now and again to bargain for an embroidered scarf, or a piece of jewellery, or pressing on through the crush towards the palace-gates. In walking along one's eye is attracted by a peculiar piece of woodwork, rearing its head ostentatiously in the very centre and most busy part of the street. It is a very simple, rough-looking affair—two upright pieces of wood and a bar across them, a swinging board rather more than the distance of an average-sized man's height from the upper bar, and capable of being let fall abruptly at pleasure, a few steps leading up to it, and that is all. It is the gallows ! Here, in the heart of the rebel city, did many a Sepoy expiate his crimes and cruelties, and, let us hope, by his death, struck terror into the hearts of the beholders ; here, in this very street, delicate English ladies had been led up and down, as we read, in cruel triumph, exposed to the taunts of the merciless fiends, who sought thus to refine

determined not to lose the opportunity, and so toiled, and gasped, and panted up to the top of one of the minarets, where such a view burst upon me as repaid me triplefold for my pains. I should fail signally were I to attempt to convey to my reader an idea of the scene which lay spread out like a map beneath me, confusedly grand; the mass of buildings and temples; the vast courts and halls of the palace, the massive belt of fortifications; the glittering river Jumna, winding far away in the distance; the busy throng flocking up the "Chandney Ckoek;" the labyrinth of narrow crowded streets; the bright cupolas and dome; the dark clusters of trees; the fine old red walls, contrasting effectively with the snowy-white buildings which they enclose—till, with dazzled, weary eyes, one turns for relief to the broad peaceful plain, which stretches out all round, covered with the mouldering ruins of "Old Delhi"—ancient tombs, villages, fine old forts, clumps of shady trees, and miles of fair green meadows, covered here and there with the waters; away and away in the distance, far as the eye can reach—away beyond Delhi, and its extremest outskirts—away beyond the silvery Jumna, and the old palace, and the red walls does the misty view extend, exciting you to expressions of delight and admiration, which lead your Sikh conductor to conclude that you are a raving maniac, who has ascended the minaret for the sole purpose of committing suicide.

As you turn round, your eyes light upon the ridge which our troops occupied during the siege, and your wandering thoughts are recalled thereby

the gateway, and others as best they might, did they come pouring in. "It was terrible hot work, and we lost a many men, just here, sir," quoth my guide hoarsely, and I hoped he was going to wax communicative, but recollections of his lost comrades seemed to crowd thick and fast upon him as he spoke; perhaps the shadowy outlines of the "old familiar faces" dimmed his eyes; at any rate, he rubbed them, and as he did so I felt that he was telling me the story of the assault with a simple eloquence surpassing that of words or rounded phrases, and I seemed to see the ditch beneath me filled with bleeding forms, and to hear the cannon thundering out, with feverish mouths, their harsh and never-varying song; to see the crowded mass of camp followers, flocking in the footsteps of our victorious troops; to see, pressing on, fighting yet, the shattered, but undaunted column, its track marked with blood and corpses; to see the struggle, sharp and murderous, round the magazine, the winning, step by step, and inch by inch, of the desperate way; the pelting bullets falling in quick showers from the surrounding houses; the rich plunder, as it was borne away by half-maddened soldiers; the six days' fierce fighting about the palace and in the crowded city, and narrow stifling streets; the isolated and desperate conflicts with knots of fanatics, and, lastly, the wild excitement and confusion of victory, the mad joy, so seasoned, though, with sorrow;—all this, vivid and life-like, seemed to be passing before my eyes as I stood upon the bastion hard by the Cashmere Gate.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Deihi to Umballa—Kalka—Travelling by "Jampan"—The Himalayas—Hurreepore—Scenery by the Way—Simla—How time is passed there—I leave Simla to return to England—Cessation of the Company's rule in India—The Queen's proclamation—Farewell to India, and to the Reader.

ON again along the Grand Trunk Road, as level and monotonous as ever, through Kurnaul, once our frontier station, to Umballa,* where you change the jolting gharree for a palanquin, and so travel on to Kalka. This little village lies at the foot of the hills; and here again your mode of conveyance is changed, and you enter a "jampan:" a barbarous machine, which looks like a four-post bedstead, curtains and all, which has been condemned to do penance as a sedan-chair, and which is carried by four men. In this you are unable to lie down, or to sit with the slightest degree of comfort, being constantly in dread of tilting over; so that it may be compared somewhat to the sensation of being in an "out-rigger" on a breezy day, though scarcely as comfortable!

*Having referred, in depreciatory terms, to the hotel at Delhi, let me here, as a sort of set-off, mention that the one at Umballa, kept by Mr. Parker, is exceedingly good, being by far the best I had entered since leaving Calcutta.

and again a glimpse of the parched plains below, over which the almost sulphurous heat is now rising like a misty cloud. Here, on one's right, an abrupt rise of some 400 or 500 feet, covered with tangled brushwood; there, to one's left, a steep descent of the same distance, with, at the bottom, a narrow gully, through which pours impetuously a mountain torrent, sparkling and bubbling, prancing and dancing along over the stones and rugged bits of fallen rock, and hurrying (oh, foolish little stream!) away towards the sultry plains below.

The villages are few and far between, on narrow ledges on the mountain side, or wherever they can find a level bit of ground to establish themselves upon; which it is difficult to do, for it is a peculiarity, indeed, a fault, in the Himalayas, that these mighty hills do not enclose any wide-spreading, fertile valleys, but are all crowded together in such a way, that their bases, connecting with one another, form only narrow, rocky passages, or pathways for the mountain stream such as I have just mentioned much of their grandeur being necessarily lost by this want of contrast. It is all hill, and looks, as one surveys it from some favourable spot, like a rough, boisterous sea, composed of mountain-tops and steep green banks, hill-sides and precipices; a sea in which, far as the eye can reach, away to the dim, purple hill-tops, which form the broken horizon, you can distinguish no calm, no repose; all is tempestuous, and huge billows of mountains come rolling majestically one over the other, each hill seeming, as it were, to grow out of the side of its neighbour.

their junction beneath the shadow of some grandly precipitous rocks, 800, or 1000 feet in height.

"It seemed some mountain, rent and riven,
A channel for the stream had given,
So high the cliffs of limestone grey,
Hung beetling o'er the torrent's way.
Yielding along their rugged base,
A flinty footpath's niggard space."

If the Khitmutgar at the dak bungalow at Hurreepore had been told that I was an invalid, he would probably have given vent to his astonishment by exclaiming "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet !" for the glorious mountain air gave me such an appetite that I felt positively ashamed of myself ; while the general exhilaration of spirits, the revival of all one's dormant energies, the glad coursing of the blood through the veins, and the "healthful music" which the pulse one more made, placed me in the seventh heaven of delight. It is impossible for those who have not experienced it themselves, to realize the sensation of the invalid who, languishing and worn out with the sickening heat of the plains, finds himself once more breathing the pure fresh air ; once more sniffing in the dewy fragrance of flowers, once more revelling in a temperature cool and delicious as that of an English spring.

Two things are noticeable after leaving Hurreepore : viz., that the hills become grander and more majestic, but, at the same time exhibit a more barren look, being clad principally with the dark clumps of pine trees peculiar to great elevations, while the grey rocks and stones

where forage caps may be worn with impunity, *vice* helmets discarded as unnecessary ; where, in short, Indian life at last ceases to be a burden. This charming station then, I say, is situated near the summit of Mount Jacko, 7000 feet above the level of the sea, the side of the hill being terraced out, and covered with houses; a large and proportionally dirty native village, a little watering-place-looking English town, with its library and Racket-court ; a few larger buildings, the *ci-devant* club (now hotel) to wit, and the Assembly Rooms ; a pretty homely church ; a quantity of delightful little bungalows in the Swiss cottage style, dotted here and there about the hills and among the trees, with numerous roads cut in the hill side, and carefully railed in, watered and looked after : such is Simla, and a delightful appearance of civilization and comfort does it present.

The view too herefrom is most lovely ; in addition to the surrounding scenery which I have described as characterizing the Himalayas generally, there are visible in the distance the white, glistening summits of the "Snowy Range," forming a worthy background to this magnificent picture ; while in another direction, on a clear day, one can see the broad hot plains stretching away, dim and boundless, below. But, what is still more pleasant is the blue smoke to be seen curling lazily upwards from a hundred chimney-tops, suggestive of crackling fires within, and snug evenings spent over them, as at home ; and oh ! glorious moment, when you once more sit over a blazing hearth, burning the skin off your legs in the height of your excitement, and exhibiting a

Indian possessions and rung the knell of "John Company," was promulgated, shortly before I left, throughout the land; and was immediately followed by the submission of several of the rebel chiefs, and the surrender of some large forts, *Ameatie*, for example, with a number of repentant Sepoys. It thus seemed probable not only that this campaign would be the last scene of the great drama of the Sepoy Mutiny, but that it would be a very tame affair, less characterized by blue fire, and cold steel, and of a far less bloody nature than the last scenes of tragedies ordinarily are; and indeed it appeared that, with the exceptions perhaps of a few isolated engagements and of a good deal of marching about of columns of troops, the work still remaining to be done would devolve more on the civil, than on the military powers.*

At Calcutta attempts were made to celebrate the auspicious event of her Majesty's assuming the Government of India, by a display of fireworks, and thirty thousand rupees were expended in Roman candles, squibs, and rockets. Everything was done to ensure this display being successful, and the officers into whose hands the management of the affair was entrusted, laboured like dray-horses to make things go off as befitted the occasion; but, alas! the results of their efforts were not commensurate with their zeal. An unexpected

* These lines, which were penned on board ship, have, I find, since my return to England, been completely verified: the first news that greeted me on my return being Lord Clyde's welcome notification that rebellion no longer existed, and that the war was at an end.

proclaimed in his stead ; so ended the long and unparalleled career of the Merchant Company, which had conquered in its day a mighty empire, and now laid the "brightest jewel in the English Crown" at the foot of England's Queen.

H.E.I.C. where art thou now ?—a thing of the past—matter for History ! mentioned only as "the deceased," by some few perhaps as the "dear departed ;" thy race run, thy Raj over, thy territories and possessions passed to the hands of another ! Well ! it is the way of the world, John ; we must all die some day, the most powerful as the most insignificant—so peace be with thy ashes ! Thou hast had a worthy burial, and "God save the Queen" we have chanted as thy dirge. "*Le roi est mort ; Vive le roi !*"

Simultaneously with "John Company's" departure from India, I took mine, returning to England in a sailing ship, *via* the Cape of Good Hope, and so ended my year's sojourn in Hindostan, which I have roughly sketched out in the course of these pages.

It is impossible for me to shut my eyes to the many shortcomings of this narrative, and, as I can hardly expect my reader to be less discerning than myself, I only hope that he will be sufficiently good-natured to accept, as my excuse, the admission that the greater part of it has been written during a period when ill-health and prostration prevented my giving it that attention which I should have wished, or when duties of an imperative nature allowed me but little spare time for the due revision of these lucubrations.

